# Caterpillar

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CATERPILLAR, "A Gathering of the Tribes", is published & edited by Clayton Eshleman. Robert Kelly is a Contributing Editor. The magazine appears quarterly --October January April July--; the present issue is Volume II, #2, April, 1969. Yearly subscriptions, beginning with this issue, are $6.00 domestic and $7.00 foreign; available single issues are $1.50 each. Editorial offices: 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013, NY. The magazine is distributed by The Small Publishers' Company, 276 Park Avenue South, NYC 10010, NY, and all subscriptions and orders go there. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND CLASS POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Copyright © 1969 by Clayton Eshleman.

## the speeches

The last one up' s
the Communist
and he shouts too
til midnight.

An umbrella
held over him
keeps him out of
the worst of it.

Clumps of peasants
crowding eaves of
the square listen
to the drift.

The rain sifts them
for ideas
discovering
stubbornness.

What expect of
politics but
promises, the
sound of words.

Of rain on rock.
Of no applause.
Of silence. Of
emptiness.

for Takashi Kawamura

see that
the wind

blows through
the pine

Out of the snow
beginning to
fall I feel these

eyes also give
way. Come and come,
go and go, snow.

Blossoms
fall. But why?
Answers

fill the
earth and still
no word.

## THE HITCHES

A road
in the sun
through fields
of devil' s

paintbrush,
hills. Birds peep
hurtling
low sky for

bush. It
darkens. It
is night.
And tired

wants to
huddle up
to rest
on the porch

of an
empty house.
Neighbors
with lanterns

see it
otherwise,
suggest
the next town --

not too
far, they add.
The road
multiplies.

Rain starts
pushing the
darkness.
Who asked you

to come?
Headlights rush
past. Why
should they stop?

And why
do you go
on, as
if you must?

Dark as-
similates.
A church
spire keeps its

distance.
A dog bays.
What brought
you here will

take you
hence. Patience.
The light
bearing down

behind
scanning the
depths ob-
literates.

Only to ask directions --
we were lost again -- to town --
made us pull in at the filling station.

The uniformed attendent --
a man who might have been
my unhappy brother --

his eyes were that full of want
and patient incapacity --
tendered us a smile

in speaking the simplest words
and added a deeper shade of smile
seeing that we were lost.

We left him there and found town,
just where he said it would be,
but where now is he?

## the dignities

Yesterday at the Posta
with his daughter, big for her years,
he humbly dictated
words to the clerk.

The stub of his right hand
that might with better luck
have served as an infant' s foot
included a finger, his left

hacked off above the elbow, hung.
His daughter said nothing
but watched, waited and watched,
while he lackadaisically

scrubbed the back of her thin dress
and reached gropingly fondly
consolingly down to her
neat buttocks and thighs.

She hardly stirred; finally
turned to him saying, Papa
where' s the money?
He mumbled which pockets to try

and she carefully rummaged through,
collecting the sum
out of various slots
of his ragged suit. Then done

he bowed and bowed profoundly
to the grimlipped lady
behind the window
and thanked her, excessively nice

while his daughter patiently

led him out, silently
opening door after door
before they slowly

steered back to the prehistoric slum
from whence they come,
the blind one-fingered father,
the proud, the perfect daughter.

## THE WORLD

How far back to go
on? This house no one' s
to leave. I live
in another now. Escape

is no world. The blood?
A potted white clock
with brass hands in the
kitchen, or this broken

oil-jar from Pythagoras'
beach, fingers buried
in clay? I dont
choose; I am chosen --

to die. The moth
posted outside my window' s
in the next. Saved
from a wilderness? I

wonder. How far
can it fly fanning
the light before it
burns itself out, or troubles

an eye to be crushed?
Alms for a wall, yes.
But who wants that design
there? Dead or alive' s

no warrant for arrest.
Yet there' s the crime,
the shame, the stain, to be
where one' s not wanted.

## THE PSALM

As nothing tempts flesh
to lift cry toward
silence and the sun,

my words twist shadows
of smoke. A tree spins,
the seasons unwind,

the rock ploughs dust, the
leaves begin to fret.
But strictly speaking

the dance is man's. O
more compassionate
than bread, be with me

god. Breathe in my song
what you are. And let
feet clasp the threshold.

I make a poem,
a silence. A small
insect staggers

onto the paper
blinded by the white
field and almost

dances under my
thumb. Its end is too
obvious. Thus.

Midnight
snow:
the white

dog
seeing
me leave

the white
path leaves
me.

Ed Dorn

## Notice how a vaster Crystal of Lives comes around

Mortised by the attention of all matter
into the Lives the tenon of the burning madness
of all Creation and the useless invective of Being
into the entrance into the house of the Universe
where at last the I-Go of direction is led emptyeyed
off the site, turned scrap and recast and thereby
the Lives made rid of the old local entrenchments
and the Lives themselves become the plural
residence of Murtazza and the furnishings nothing else
than cosmic gesture than small immediate graces
than a Sunne on the fourth finger, light marriage
of the young with the wise, the Moone hung
from an ear, neighborhood ornaments and less ramified
when felt aside the diffusions of the history of the heart,
across the span of an hour and the hours
in the quicker measuring of the Lives, now that
the stake of the ego is driven on through
and the great nebulae of the Lives is realized
in the Lives in things, that plants have nerve
past freezing as the Lives of the yet unborn, the system
comparable to the exclusiveness of death that guessed-
at town on an old map Where, as everywhere as in the Lives
and as environment is only total and has everywhere
the inference of the curvature of the Universe,
that it need only accomodate that supposition
along with all others, The Beauty chains attention. Salutes
in fact nothing else. There are no problems
which defy solution by their sums and no fires unworthy
to be fed, even the desperate abstractionist
drives his car of ice into the great question of fire.

(Lawrence 22 Feb.
/ 69

Max Douglas (four poems

## Late October After Death of a Friends Father

spate of kernals
over kid flapping
the too long sleeves of
his fathers shirt standing in wagon
at the edge of unharvested corn

sad to look at mowd fields
blank as barns
tho hungry crows scrutinize them

already the farmers
are wearing caps wth ear flaps
turning tawny stubble
over to black dirt

something dark
dangling from a tree
against the sunset/against venus:
net of worms

Wathena : Wednesday Night
(The Sacraments

& more people know you than you know : ex. ;
did max leave, bitch inquires
the sacraments
maggot rolls back across tie
onto dead coon

no, there he is in the last booth
like the milkweed seed for whom it is no trouble
crossing this field

drinking my beer too fast
im drunk by ten
taking a whizz in the cold
because i dont like pissing by twos in the back

pleasure, socrates sd, is to be attaind only thru moderation
in all things .
more difficult than spacing steps
to walk from tie to tie
following a night freight back to the bar

## Bones

bones
  frail
 &
  white
 of rodents
come to eat
 spilled corn
        btwn ties
 flat rounded
        bone of hip
 vertebrae
        but where the
 skulls?
        (bones of skull
        being fine bones

## The Abnegation

the adjoining
column of birds
writhing
dipping, fast by
parcht corn, lifting
i came to town, suddenly
wch is where i was coming

ERIK KIVIAT : JOURNAL : JOURNEY

consecration
contains

:Winter Buds

:On the Vegetation of Old-field Rocky Islands

:Some Galls of Dutchess Co.

:The Meeting of the Gray Birch Association

:Native Teas

:charts
Common lichens
skis or snowshoes
Common mosses

the yearly burning of the fields

Tonight the Moon
purifies me

yam jacket
caddis fellow
i am inclined.
There was a time

when i cdnt sleep at all on my back.

:I forget to ask about auras

The Natural Provinces of North America

We make poems
as our bodies are

I say
I see Plant Succession

they have succeeded

The comma looks out
(turbulence)
of place to me.
What if i wrote to you in a comma
the tonic note

the Substrate
(sedimentary tocks,

Joint!
My back bending
in light air, and
when i drew in my breath
it was you

:Birds sit very still in the shrubs
And the big snow comes
down

Cat cloud
thats what
we need
i said (I went to NY
& i came back)
You may pass me if
you wish
and the birds are still in the branches
dead trees love the fire
Syntax lest the air in?
(a hole in my pants.

:Adventitious

not in the usual place its nice to get up early
or
not at the usual time its nice to sleep late

Stand
before a window

with eyes closed

eyes closed
thats all

:Aspen

If you still think so.

Ask me

genius  steep in thought
(dry-ki : dead trees on flooded land)
(smaller as you go on)

: orogeny

Allen Ginsberg (from Journals

## ALBANY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Crash! Thud-nausea hip to heart--
It all collapses back to Laughing Gas--
Life and death in the body-stump,
A fart' s worth a million dollars.
This earthly form ' tis but a worm.
What' s after Meat and Bones and Heat?

Can' t rely on this body, all its pleasures only equal to its awful pain. Depend on body pleasures, & get hooked on meat thrills? then be stuck with break-rib crack-hip pain fatigue trembling on a broken auto seat ready to die?
Flesh--a collapsable trap?

---

New Yorker, May 1933--everybody busy being out-dated.

A head moves on the pillow, comfort sweat--
alert to midnight, chest pain quiet, bronchial gargle asleep--

---

Blank grid round eyespace solid appears white .
floating resolves the grid to ashy space and consciousness
eyes closed in the hospital, the Creation.

" The pitch-man stirs uneasily"... gotta rush inside and see a man about a--
Matter! itself is the great junk habit that occupies space, a
Matter habit, my dears.
Better off with short pants in Chicago in parochial school, than worship Space for itself--

--the high accident in the cab--Geo Arliss w/ long white fingers turning the Space Truck on--
Plastic environment-- 3 D space appearing out of Nowhere--

Ambrose Bierce--Bags of flatulence float my abdomen back to the hospital bed.

Ah, Show Biz! What' s this production for?

---

N. C. fucked me up the ass, long years ago

Albert Pinkham Ryder Death on a Pale Horse is the answer -- is what is, adequately represented.

Cascades, gary snyder oceans of Bliss--unattached, the floating universe

O O O O O

F l a s h ! - - The evanescent--Cascades--Gary Snyder returns to America. Everybody gets all their money back.

Tea time ride proud rise, in fact, a flash in the pan for every twenty-first Century.

Stop and explain? you already giving me heart trouble.

Boeing big king!

Warm Massachusets! (for Kerouac)

Dec 3, 1968

Victor Coleman

## PARKING LOTS FOR GREG CURNOE

Why is Robert Desnos sleeping?

The true radical is any man who will not accept the present terms--

No adjustment is needed -- If a fly is open there is reason -- Calamity reigns in the area (never been there either)

Too personal, it was always laughing, exchanging the unexchangable
glow all over us --

When I finally do come in her mouth there will blossom
millions tiny tapioca boiling white
in their own clarity, translucent
feeling, like joy & jellie babies;
evident & diverse strangers
swallowed in one or two gulps --

Hot dogs hot rods chewing gum wrappers
all crumpled & torn blackballs Jonnie
hand warmers big little books Dick
Tracy & Plastic Man (always cut
by the villain's broken mirrors,
divesting the image, defeated
by some sharp-edged reflection of himself --

Trading comics with the girl down the street age 9
huge overbite buck teeth & holey underwear
kissing me in the closet
pressing her smelly nineyearold body against mine
those teeth pushing against my tender boy's lips
pulling her pants down for me
baying at the new moon --

Each one of these doors leads to the present -- No engagement
is needed -- the present is yesterday's memory
sliding in old dead mud, sad travels, tantamount

dreams of reality climbing cat' s cradle
of webs in imagination -- here today
gone tomorrow -- No
adjustment is needed

Nihilism can only lead to the death of thermometers
Nobody cares if it rains or it freezes
as long as they can walk beside some Jesus
discussing the Major League ball teams --

But me, in either case joyous, feeling jubilant
dew drop from my beard on a hill
up which we climb in the shade of a tree
heaved up as it is somehow over the road --
little lamb who made thee -- No adjunct
is needed -- junipers, fat red cedars
in front of my vision of the world --

Not Kumush Old man of old men
trapped inside a wandering adolescence
sewing from his bag of old dried bones
collected in serpents' houses, over the land,
so that men might rise up from them in tribes;
the streets & alleyways of his wanderings,
there to perpetrate an image of himself A joke No
need for readjustment . CH' IEN
THE CREATIVE: HEAVEN
in books, old documents
art & other well worn dildos
This man you have invented in your innocence

NO to your pleas -- Need
Rots -- walking walking
Oh parochial!

Give me the song of the stout-hearted sucking
in swoosh of the tea head
followed by fifteen minutes of self contemplation
better than talk about art & the ever
slowly degenerating dollar -- a barter
this is my first . . .

Yes I will buy your violence but take off that
redress Move toward an image of heaven (the earth)

a vision  Color the atmosphere
ochre if it pleases you

II

## "THEN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO TALK TO THE TREES AND THE CHANGE CAME"

My fouryearold son spends an hour in the morning arranging
his small pile of books to resemble a silent flat sea --
printer' s ink colored & eloquent
upon the adages of its own demise --
FORTHCOMING: that he wanted
for his set of toy vehicles, in the middle
of the living room a parking lot --

Robinson Jeffers entombed in an idea  Dead
anyway, moreso than Edward Rusha' s
motivational portrait of thousands square feet
reduced to the size of each page --
delicate & intricate  Lifeless . . .

I am not complaining I am not complaining  The waning
of the harvest moon is NOT A POEM
(it is a waning  (say it to yourself, slowly...
a waning  a w a n i n g
(getting softer & softer as you proceed...
a  w a n  i  n  g

A perfect picture of imbalance in the pause between
this world & the last .

Realizing that I do not have to talk to people any more
one syllable words forming trains
standing in the station, waiting for people
to get on or off

What you see, paint, is paint, a color
No sea enters into  No discourse
of object & fact

Not very interesting artifacts  The mind

does not live up to any of its promises .

III

The gesture of plains in the paintings
of Georges Braque -- locations
moving in the air in earth on air
projected into the present sense
ability -- the tension
between us: attention

Something there is that finds two in one, three
in two into decisions about those
magic numbers into which we have
divided ourselves -- beyond
their anti-numerical, over-symbolical surfaces
towards real qualities of the thing, not
significant detail, the mass of everything,
secret political prisoners locked in each cell --

The body of work is no more ill at ease
than the work of the body
Ask the drugs about their pertinence
gather your rosebuds where you may but sniff
the air & listen to the sounds of worlds
crashing in the garden; taste of her
fingers touching pure joy --

Not a scene (from the movie) not small
town big city rural route environ
ment the body is all we need
to move through initial water till it breaks
over us & frees us from our chamber -- the trees
and intractable mountains through which no
middle-class American children dance -- too busy
sleeping and playing 'their leisure' to dance --
engaged in human relationships

This poem, like everything we make,
has gone much farther than I
intended originally (the man in it (?)
Maughm whose pocket's ever full

of enough silver to insure
the austerity of the spirit --

These lakes were given to us  Drink Me
The amazing ability of cab drivers to articulate each day
over & over again, the same three phrases
from the corner of their mouths, like a loop,
Moebius stringing the same line --

IV

What are the Rolling Stones
talking about in their music?
The future the torture the ardure
of living in England? I doubt it.
My belly ain't so empty nor my mind.
The amphetamine dreams of resurgence
in blood undermined by Hershey & Nestle --
the birds of oblivion.

How possibly can a man be a vision
in a world slowly turning
defensively into asbestos & plastic
& bullet-proof alloys of infernal metals.
License plates here: 19 BEAUTIFUL 68.
The navel is not
the center of the earth
however contemplated -- not
our intention.

"She comes in colours everywhere"  the real
"she combs her hair"  explanation
"She's like a rainbow"  of the music
of the spheres is not a simile
the plenary abstract
the word 'colours' with its optional dipthong
impotent in the present context --
darkness. I have no reason to believe
in what you're doing; the unchangable
fact is I do

Since that first 'show' at Moos I saw was it 1964

in the summer heat & cool
smiling senses of everything' s flatness (from Dorn
to Zukofsky, without that awareness, a line
which does not meet any of its points at surface)
not a thread a wisp a kiss planted in the earth
where it will do the most good.

V

I have taken the lioerty of removing your name
from the long list of great artistic promises
& readjusting the order in my mind
to include all those sempiternal gods
who walk around in our genes like twisted guests --
the evergreens don' t have them
won' t -- we inject false light into our veins.

I have taken the liberty of advocating the use of drugs
in the afterlife (the halflight) off-white
spurious & uneventful -- addictive
as anything, heavenly popsicles
to soothe the heat of dying -- through truth
a disease squirms in our doubts about the world
simply oecause it is so available
A Collage

Surrealism has nothing to do with it -- Dada
is father, a rhythm. I asked
for a sandwich they gave me
delight in a cup -- a song
has nothing to do with it either;
sing, anyway. Be Surreal; don' t
go mad in the face of their constant
boredom before so much wonder --
as long as you' ve got something
in your hands besides their currency,
your empty pockets -- you can use them,
please, on others.

Art is a caress, careless & fickle
as words in our language, lying
each day for a bit more space,

an occupation in which to store
our adored adumbrations --
flesh' s ablution is no solution.

A compass pointing always in the same direction
drawn to it attraction of the
mercury in my eyes (the coins)
slowly replacing our fine bones
with long brittle members incapable digital
fingers & toes (don' t count on them)

A comparison: a line
of grey paint / the horizon

changing

Gibsons, B.C.
September 4, 1968

Robert Duncan

# THE H.D. BOOK: PART II

## NIGHTS AND DAYS. CHAPTER 4

March 13, Monday (1961)

Pound in How To Read (1927) and again in ABC of Reading (1934) lists three practices or faculties of poetry: (1) phanopoeia, "throwing the object (fixed or moving) on to the visual imagination", where language operates somehow like a magic lantern or a motion-picture projector in relation to the receiving mind that is a screen. The early definition of the image as "that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time" is appropriate for the stationary, almost hallucinatory, presentations of early imagist poems--Pound's "apparition" of faces as petals on a black bough, seen in the blink of an eye or of a camera shutter, or H. D.'s rose, "cut in rock", that exists in a garden as if frozen in time, as if time had come to a stop in the photograph. H. D.'s reiterated hardness and cut-edges may have been in part a critical reaction to the great salon photography of the first decade of the century, to the blurred and softened atmospheric images of Steichen, Stieglitz or Coburn.

But these stills are few in number. After a handfull of imagist poems, the poets were interested in movement. The sequence of images is what tells in the Cantos of Pound, and, scene juxtaposed to scene, line juxtaposed to line, the poem is built up like an Eisenstein film in the cutting room. In the passing of image into image, person into person, in H. D's War Trilogy too we are reminded of the transitions and montage that developed in the moving picture.

*

The other two ways "to charge the language with meaning to

the utmost possible degree" were (2) melopoeia and (3) logopoeia: "inducing emotional correlations by the sound and rhythm of the speech" and "inducing both of the effects by stimulating the associations (intellectual or emotional) that have remained in the receiver's consciousness in relation to the actual words or word groups employed."

*

"Imagism" divorced from this concern "to charge the language with meaning" is not the imagism of Pound, H. D. and Aldington proposed in the Credo of 1912. The image that would charge language with sensory impression--"Amygism", Pound called it--and the image that would charge language with an interesting effect--Hulme's

> And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
> Like a red-faced farmer

or Eliot's

> When the evening is spread out against the sky
> Like a patient etherised upon a table

--these are generically different from the image that would charge language with meaning. Perception and expression are paramount where man's emotions and intellections give value to an otherwise valueless language and world. But, for Pound, H. D., as for Williams and D. H. Lawrence, things and events strive to speak. To evoke an image is to receive a sign, to bring into human language a word or a phrase (in Pound's later poetics, the ideogram; in H. D.'s, the hieroglyph) of the great language in which the universe itself is written. Here, to experience is to read, to be aware involves at once the senses and the translation into language of our own. It is the belief that meaning is not given to the world about us but derived from the world about us, that our human language is a ground in which we participate in the cosmic language. Living is reading the message or poem that creation is about. Such a sense of the universe as a meaningful creation and of experience as coming to apprehend that meaning determines the change from the feeling that poetic form is given to or imposed upon experience, transforming into content, to the feeling that poetic form is found in experience, that content is discovered in matter. The line of such poetry is not free in the sense of being arbitrary but free in its search and self-creation, having the care and tension (attention) almost of the ominous, for a world that would speak is itself a language of omens. Eliot's images are often theatrical devices; but his garden, the

drained pool, river, sea and flowers of Four Quartets are images of charged meaning, having their origins in a more than personal phantasy --they are signs of Self that have come to in-form the poet' s true self, epiphanies of what is happening, not symbols but ideas, seeings of the truth of things. William Carlos Williams' s resolve in the opening passage of Paterson does not read "not in ideas but in things"; what he writes is "no ideas but in things", as we enter the poem where we are to strive, in order to live, to read such a language of things--river, falls, fire, detritus, words. For words are not thoughts we have but ideas in things, and the poet must attend not to what he means to say but to what what he says means.

*

This is the charge of the mystery cult, the showing forth of a meaning which is a thing seen, where Image and Logos are revealed in the gift of the Idea. We may see what it means or, sensing the meaning, search for what it means; or we may, as most would, dismiss whatever presentation abruptly with "I don' t see any meaning in that." The mythos and dromenon of the Dionysia were a way of participating in the meaningful; the singers and dancers coming into the community of meanings, as the poet comes into such a community when he sings or recites as if our daily words were a language of poetry, having the power of themselves to mean, and our role in speaking were to evoke not to impose meanings. The things of the poem, the words in their musical phrasings, here are sacra, charged with divine power, and give birth to poems as the poet sings, as the powers of stones, waters, winds, in men' s rites give birth to gods. In the process itself a magic begins, so that gods and poetry enthrall. "Le sacré c' est le père du dieu," Jane Harrison quotes from Durkheim. "Le désir c' est le père de la sorcellerie." The intent of the poet is to arouse the content and form of the poem as the ritual devotee seeks to arouse the content and form of the god.

The religious image and the poetic image are close in turn to the psychological archetype of Jungian analysis which seeks to arouse the content and form of the individual life from the collective unconscious. Certainly, we can recognize in Whitman' s "eidólon yacht of me", in Lawrence' s "ship of death", in the "Ra-Set boat" of Pound' s Rock-Drill, and in H. D.' s "Ship to hold all" in Helen in Egypt, not only the intensity of a personal expression, but also the depth of a community of meaning. The language is not American or English or Creek or Egyptian but the language of Poetry, in which this image of a soul-boat upon a sea in the poetic imagination comes to speak.

*

Pound's phanopoeia, melopoeia and logopoeia are not reasonable literary terms but such magics, the glamor of wizards being to cast spells, "throwing the object (fixed or moving) on the visual imagination"; the incantations and incenses of Hermeticists being to induce "emotional correlations by the sound and rhythm of speech". The "inducing both of the effects by stimulating the associations (intellectual or emotional) that have remained in the receiver's consciousness in relation to the actual words or word groups employed" suggests that the poet has powers to induce, to stimulate; but we see, barely disguised, that it is "the actual words or word groups employed" that have such power. The imagination is not the primary imagination, that Coleridge defines as "the living Power and prime Agent of all human perception ... a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation", but a screen upon which a higher power that Pound calls phanopoeia projects. This image-making or image-casting magic may be Coleridge's secondary imagination, an "echo" of the primary: "co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the kind of its agency, and differing only in degree, and in the mode of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially vital, even as all objects (as objects) are essentially fixed and dead."

*

Coleridge and Pound alike have a common source in their reading of the Renaissance Hermeticist Marsilio Ficino's version of Iamblichus' De Mysteriis. "In most psychologies employing the concept of spirit, and often in Ficino's," D. P. Walker tells us in his Spiritual and Demonic Magic from Ficino to Campanella, "all sensation is by means of the spirit, and the media of all sense-data are some kind of spirit," and he quotes a passage from a letter of Ficino's that bears upon this matter of the music of poetry and the vision of poetry, melopoeia and phanopoeia, as a magic to arouse the mind to form and content, of the casting of the image or echo of creation by some affinity of body, soul and spirit for the manifestation of song:

> "Nor is this surprising; for, since song and sound arise from the cogitation of the mind, the impetus of the phantasy, and the feeling of the heart, and together with the air they have broken up and tempered, strike the aerial spirit of the hearer, which is the junction of the soul and body, they easily move the

phantasy, affect the heart and penetrate into the deep recesses of the mind."

*

Our consciousness or idea of having heart and mind, as well as of having soul and spirit, being aroused by such a poetry.

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"The impetus of the phantasy," Walker tells us, "when distinguished from imagination, is a higher faculty, which forms 'intentions'." I would recall Pound's questioning in the Cavalcanti essay: "Does 'intension' mean intention (a matter of will)? does it mean intuition, intuitive perception...?" In working upon his translation of Cavalcanti's Donna mi prega, which was to be reworked in Canto XXXVI, Pound makes careful distinction between the concept of "intellect passif", which he finds in Renan's Averroès et Averroïsme defined as "la faculté de recevoir les phantasmata", and the "possible intelletto", which Pound translates as "latent intellect".

*

"Form, Gestalt," Pound notes: "Every spiritual form sets in movement the bodies in which (or among which) it finds itself." So Love starts from form seen and takes His place, as subject not object, as mover, in the idea of the possible.

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Who will, may hear Sordello's story told:
His story? Who believes me shall beho d
The man, pursue his fortunes to the end...

so Robert Browning opens his Sordello, calling upon will and belief, where the imagination appears as a theatrical magic, a cooperation between the writing and the reading, between the speaker and the hearer, to participate in the reality of a world evoked by words given the magic of belief. "Appears Verona," the Faustian poet directs, and then, again, as if calling up a spirit--"Then, appear, Verona!" Here, the beginning of his Cantos in its first version:

Hang it all, there can be but the one 'Sordello,'
But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of tricks....

"Has it a place in music?" he asks. The answer may lie in our passage from Ficino, for later Pound proposes in this first draft of Canto I: "We let Ficino / Start us our progress...."

> And your: 'Appear Verona!' ?
> I walk the airy street,
> See the small cobbles flare with poppy spoil.

"Lo, the past is hurled / In twain," Browning shows us in Sordello:

> up-thrust, out-staggering on the world,
> Subsiding into shape, a darkness rears
> Its outline, kindles at the core, appears
> Verona.

The evocation is Shakespearean. But this Verona has no stage but a place in the believing mind, a stage belief makes in the mind (as Shakespeare too has but one place where his world is most real). The scene itself then is a spirit. Both Sordello and Verona are shadows in which the form of the poet itself quickens, setting into motion the body in which it finds itself, the body of a belief.

*

In the same years that he worked on The Spirit of Romance and Cavalcanti, studying Avicenna and Ficino, the London years before the War when Pound was in the excitement of understudying Yeats, gathering the lore of light and forms that continues to work in the Cantos half a century later; in the same years that he attended the Quest lectures of G. R. S. Mead on Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre, on Hierotheos' s Book of the Hidden Mysteries, on the augoeides and Origen' s "primal paradisical body of light as the seminarium from which all bodily forms, both subtle and gross, can arise"; in the very years that defined the life time of Imagism proper--from the Credo of 1912 to H. D.' s resignation as literary editor of The Egotist and her replacement by Eliot in 1917, Pound, as a messenger, angel or hermes, of Poetry, moved between the generation of Yeats, initiate of the esoteric tradition, and the generation of Gaudier-Brzeska, prophet of the spirit or genius of forms which Gaudier called "sculptural energy" and "the vortex", and of the little group of fellow poets, "Imagists", among whom H. D. was central. The "movement" was not an isolated literary affectation or strategic front but the first phase of certain generative ideas in poetry that were to reach their fruition, after the modernism of the twenties and the critical reaction of the thirties, when Pound, Williams, and H. D. were far apart in their work, three decades later in the per-

iod of the second World War with the great poems of Pound's, Williams's and H.D.'s old age that begin with H.D.'s War Trilogy, with The Walls Do Not Fall, published in 1944.

In turn, the germ-idea of the "image" in its beginning phase was a fruition of a general renaissance of theosophy and psychology in the first decade of the century which, like the Hellenistic and the Florentine renaissances, brough back the matter of old mystery cults, "reawakened" the gods and revived speculations concerning the nature of the imagination. Pound's "See, they return", Williams's "Now--they are coming into bloom again!" from the poem March, H.D.'s cry--"O gold, stray but alive / on the dead ash of our hearth"--from The Tribute, these convey the yearning for the revival of the past in the present, the leaven of dormant powers awakened again. Not only poets but intellectuals in the wake of Frazer's Golden Bough and Bergson's Evolution Créatrice were involved. So, we find Dora Marsden, the editor of The Egoist, writing on the image as a factor of knowledge:

> The animal which thinks must have two world to think with... intellection is nothing other than the interweaving of two worlds. He must have become so well acquainted with his inner images that, when he cognizes (experiences) the outer image, the inner relative springs into effect alongside it. Precisely the superimposition of the external thing by its wraith-like indwelling double constitutes re-cognition.

Or, again, John Gould Fletcher's review of H.D.'s Sea Garden in 1917 with its reference to "Plotinus, or Dionysius the Areopagite, or Paracelsus, or Behmen, or Swedenborg, or Blake" may suggest the ambience of intellectual concersation in which the "image" of Imagism arose.

*

The landscape of The Pisan Cantos or of Paterson, like the landscape of the War Trilogy, is a multiple image, in which the historical and the personal past, with the divine world, the world of theosophical and of poetic imagination, may participate in the immediate scene. H.D. had seen this in the 1920s as a palimpsest. In literature, Pound had written, "the real time is independent of the apparent." So, Henry James mingles with lynxes and with the divine powers Manitou and Kuthera attending, and Mt. Taishan appears in the Pisan atmosphere; from a photo in The National Geographic the wives of an African chief come into the landscape of Paterson, and the dwarf living under the falls is also the genius of the language; so, in the initial ded-

ication of The Walls Do Not Fall (recalling the Rome/London/Egypt sequence of Palimpsest in 1926) H. D. proposes an image between two worlds: Egypt 1923 and London 1942, which opens into a reality whose time will take a center in the Nativity.

*

Pound has observed that Dante in The Divine Comedy had not only given an account of the soul' s journey (o r "trip", as it is called by the devotees of the psychedelic experience) but had also created an image of the divine world; the "world" of the poem was itself an image. The "idea" of the poem is this concretion of three worlds in one, a unity of real time in which many apparent times participate, a central intention whose meaning appears on many levels, an architecture of reality with its ascending and descending spirits--the whole a vision or seeing of a thing directly treated. The particular images of the poem then being seen to be notes in a melody that was in turn part of a larger movement, and these images belonging to movements, in turn forming the "world" of thr whole, a single great image. This imagination of the "world" to which the intent of the poem belongs is Coleridge' s primary imagination, Ficino' s phantasy that is informed by the intention of the whole, the Image of images.

*

"Now at last he explains that it will, when the hundredth canto is finished," Yeats writes of Pound in 1928, "display a structure like a Bach Fugue. There will be no plot, no chronicle of events, no logic of discourse, but two themes ... and, mixing with these, mediaeval or modern historical characters." Then: "He has shown me upon the wall a photograph of a Cosimo Tura decoration in three compartments, in the upper the Triumph of Love and the Triumph of Chastity, in the middle Zodiacal signs, and in the lower certain events in Cosimo Tura' s day." The whole Yeats saw as a prescribed composition, or an architectural plan, having sets, archetypal events, for he himself was forcing his Vision into prescribed wheel and gyre, to get the times right, imposing a diagrammatic order of such archetypes upon history.

"God damn Yeats' bloody paragraph," Pound writes in 1939: "Done more to prevent people reading Cantos for what is on the page than any other one smoke screen." "Hear Janequin' s intervals, his melodic conjunctions from the violin solo," he writes in Kulchur: "The forma, the immortal concetto, the concept, the dynamic form which is like the rose pattern driven into the dead iron-filings by the magnet." Yeats saw structure like Bach' s; but Pound contrasts the

music of structure, "as J. S. Bach in fugue or keyboard toccata", with the "music of representative outline", which he finds in Janequin's intervals and conjunctions, and would seek himself, as "from the floral background in Pisanello's Este portrait, from the representation of visible things in Pietro di Borgo, there is a change to pattern and arabesque, there is an end to the Mediaeval Anschauung, the mediaeval predisposition." The poem, like music, taking shape upon the air. So, in the Cantos, Aphrodite appearing to her son Anchises at Cythera takes form upon the air--that is, upon the element, "the air they have broken up and tempered", and also upon the air or melody the violin plays, having the voices of birds as Pisanello has the pattern of flowers in his art. So, Pound works to incorporate the voices of men and even, in the Adams Cantos, the epistolary styles as musical entities leading into pattern and arabesque, to bring forward phrasings and syncopations of vowel-tones and consonants. Yet what he had achieved in The Cantos, Pound came to feel by the time he was writing Kulchur, was not the clear line of Janequin, who had transmuted the sounds of birds into a musical reality nor the architectural mastery of Bach, but an art--like the music of Beethoven or like Bartok's Fifth Quartet, Pound says--having "the defects in herent in a record of struggle". The real time of The Cantos was not to be independent of the apparent time.

*

It is the form of the poet's experience itself that we see in the form of his work--in The Cantos, of struggle and conflict as well as of independent and sublime vision, of stubborn predispositions as well as of its taking form from the air. "What is a god?" Pound had asked in his Religio: "A god is an eternal state of mind," he had answered and, "When is a god manifest? When the states of mind take form," The religio was also a poetics in which the imagination was the eternal state of mind, taking form in the things of the poem. But Pound in the twenties and thirties came more and more to depreciate the imagination. Poetic belief, the belief that is volunteered in what is but imagined to be real, contends with the authoritative belief, the belief that is commanded and which must be defended against heresy. Where in the essays of the London period Pound is exploring ideas of imagination and poetry, in the essays of Rapallo he speaks not as a visionary but as a pedagogue, a culture commissar, an economic realist, a political authority, and, in each of these roles, he feels that imagination and vision is unsound. Esthetics has a ground in reality that inspiration does not: "the Whistler show in 1910 contained more real wisdom than that of Blake's fanatic designs." Perhaps he suffered from a blind reaction to Yeats's values, but The Cantos would move Pound

again and again to ecstatic imagination beginning with the Pisan Cantos. Leucothea would be invoked throwing her girdle to rescue the Odysseus-poet of The Cantos from the sea of time and space as Blake shows her in his The Cycle of Life of Man (reading Kathleen Raine's Blake and Tradition, 1969: R.D.), as the Neo-Platonists return to inspire the late cantos. The chapter "Neo-Platonicks, Etc." in Kulchur does not disown but it dissembles: "This kind of thing from the Phaedrus, or wherever it comes from, undoubtedly excites certain temperaments, or perhaps almost anyone if caught at the right state of adolescence or in certain humours." Like Odysseus, Pound's exile can be read as the initiation of the heroic soul (the hero of a Poetry) descending deep into hubris, offending and disobeying orders of the imagination and returning at last after trials "home". Odysseus offended Poseidon and is shipwrecked; Pound offends the Elohim and comes at last, like Job, to trials of old age and despair.

*

In H.D.'s War Trilogy the form emerges along the path of a weaving that, like The Cantos, may follow pattern and arabesque in immediate areas, flowers and birds leading on to a world beyond the medieval predisposition ("its art-craft junk-shop / paint-and-plaster medieval jumble / of pain-worship and death-symbol," H.D. writes in The Walls Do Not Fall) towards the figures of ultimately real things, intuitions of the truth of things, but also is colored at times by stubborn predispositions. But is is H.D.'s poetics that interprets and transmutes her psychoanalytic and occultist preconceptions (though in Sagesse and in Hermetic Definitions occultist systematic interpretations seek to take over the authority of the real). Freud and later the theurgist Robert Ambelain come to lead H.D. into poetry, as Mussolini and Major Douglas lead Pound away from his mind.

*

The War Trilogy does not evoke comparison for H.D. with the quartets of Beethoven or Bartok. Music as it appears in the Trilogy is transcendental, and the art of the poem has its counterpart in the arts of painting or tapestry, a triptych portraying the soul's journey in an evolution from the shell fish of The Walls Do Not Fall, iv, that is "master-mason planning / the stone marvel", to the woman with her child, her Christ-child, at the close of The Flowering of the Rod. Yet the tapestry must incorporate, even as Pound's Cantos must, "the defects inherent in a record of struggle". As later in Helen in Egypt, H.D. will refer to the tradition of the palinodia of Stesichorus, the poet's

restoring to Poetry the truth about Helen, in the War Trilogy she strikes out, alone of the Imagists, to restore the truth of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost to Poetry. Not a conversion to Christianity, but a conversion of Christianity to Poetry.

*

There is an evolution of life-forms, experiences, yet they exist one in another; the work of art itself contains in its processes the beauty of the shell and the beauty of the Christos or Logos that in the human word has specific manhood. The image of the whole poem is so thrown upon the imagination or aroused in the imagination "(fixed or moving", that "fixed" it appears as a tapestry; "moving" it is the path of something happening on different levels in time, it has plot or mythos. From the earliest tidal waters of our life, from

> There is a spell, for instance,
> in every sea-shell:

to the evolution of the old divine orders into the Christos, not only Osiris but Venus, Astarte, also contained in the "jar" or alembic of the Christian mysteries. But these mysteries have their authority now not in a church but in a poem. "Over Love, a new Master", the announcement of the Christ may mean also that there is a new genius of forms over the poem.

*

We too must return in our weaving upon the air, the theme of image and meaning, to look into the War Trilogy again, the "tapestry" disclosing the "world"; and, as we regard once more the little company of poets or of heretics (H. D. herself working now in a belief disowned by her companions of Imagist days) or of disciples in a mystery, in the Presence that is "spectrum-blue / ultimate blue-ray", that is "a spacious, bare meeting-house", that is a cartouche enclosing a name, an idea comes into sight--the haunting suggestion of another dimension of the content or form.

As, in canvasses of Salvador Dalí we see not a symbol, one thing standing for another, but what he calls a paranoic image, where one thing coexists in another--a man's head that is also a lion that is also a hairy egg. So, here, the meeting-house is also a heart.

> We are at the cross-roads,
> the tide is turning....

in the turn of a heart-beat.

## II

At heart, we are individual, complete. "The heart of animals is the foundation of their life, the sovereign of everything within them," William Harvey begins the dedication to his Anatomical Disquisition on the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals, "the sun of their microcosm, that upon which all growth depends, from which all power proceeds." I would recall here Helen Fairwood and Captain Rafton in H. D.'s story Secret Name, riding back in the dark from Karnak, having seen there the apparition of the "temple or tomb or birth-house", the thud-thud of the hoofs answering the beat of their hearts, arousing another image of their lying beneath the heart of the mother: "As if they in some strange exact and precious period of pre-birth, twins, lovers, were held, sheltered beneath some throbbing heart." "First, before anything else," Harvey writes: "a drop of blood appears, which throbs, as Aristotle had noted. From this, with increasing growth and formation of the chick, the auricles of the heart are made, in the pulsations of which there is continual evidence of life. After a few more days, when the body is outlined, the rest of the heart is made, but for some time it remains pale and bloodless like the rest of the body, and does not throb."

*

Then: "Whoever examined this matter closely will not say that the heart entirely is the first to live and the last to die, but rather the auricles (or that part corresponding to the auricles in serpents, fishes, and such animals) which live before the rest of the heart, and die after it."

*

The poem too begins with a pulse, a melodic impulse (a "beat" which belongs to a unique pattern in time) and the melodic impulse contains a form (as that beat of blood in the egg contains the form of the chick at work). There is then an image that is also ("the first to live and the last to die") a rhythm.

*

Genetics teaches us that unseen coordinates, the genes, lie back of this pattern in time, this rhythm of being, that is also a pattern in space, this form or image--of a man, of a chick, of a poem, then--if it be thought of as a part of the process of life. The "free verse" of high poetry was not abstractly free, but free, specifically, from the concept of a poem's form as a paradigm, an imposed plan to which the poet conformd. The form was germinal, the germ being the cadence that began in language--"a new cadence means a new idea"--arousing a life of its own, a poem.

*

Erwin Schrödinger tells us in What Is Life? that "we believe a gene--or perhaps the whole chromosome fibre--to be an aperiodic solid." "A small molecule," he writes: "might be called the germ of a solid."

*

So too we may think of an idea, a novel or a poem, as beginning at some point or germ, growing, finding its being and necessary form, rhythm and life, as the germ evolves in relation to its environment of language and experience. This is an art that rises from a belief in the universe as a medium of forms, in man's quest for form as a spiritual evolution, each realized experience of form in turn the germ of a new necessity for form or affinity for form.

*

In contrast, conventional art, with its conviction that form means adherence to a prescribed order where metric and rime arise in conformation to a regular pattern, has its ground in a belief that man by artifice must win his forms as models, reproductions, or paradigms) against his nature, in a universe that is a matter of chaos or that has fallen into disorder.

*

Schrödinger, contrasting organic and inorganic forms in nature, says: "Starting from such a small solid germ, there seem to be two different ways of building up larger and larger associations. One is the comparatively dull way of repeating the same structure in three directions again and again. That is the way followed in a growing crystal. Once the periodicity is established, there is no definite limit to

the size of the aggregate."

"The other way is that of building up a more and more extended aggregate without the dull device of repetition. That is the case of the more and more complicated organic molecule in which every atom, and every group of atoms, plays an individual role, not entirely equivalent to that of many others (as in the case of a periodic structure). We might quite properly call that an aperiodic crystal or solid and express our hypothesis by saying: We believe a gene--or perhaps the whole chromosome fibre--to be an aperiodic solid."

*

Genetic thought along these lines is akin to poetic thought that pictures the poem as an organic crystallization, its germ or law or form being immanent in the immediate life, what is happening, in the work of the poem. "I believe in technique as the test of a man's sincerity; in law when it is ascertainable," Pound writes in 1912: "in the trampling down of every convention that impedes or obscures the determination of the law, or the precise rendering of the impulse." Free verse, later projective verse as expounded by Charles Olson, developed a new sense of metric and rime deriving from an inner aperiodic formal intuition. Here, structure is not satisfied in the molecule, is not additive; but is fulfilled only in the whole work, the apprehension of the work's "life" springing anew in each realization, each immediate cell.

*

Marianne Moore is a master of poetry that is periodic in its concept--as if art were a convention--which has its counterpart in her concern for social conformities, in her admiration for rigor, for the survival of vitality where character-armor takes over to resist areas of experience that cannot be included in the imagined social contract of poetry. Schrödinger in his bias for the form he sees in living matter finds inorganic crystals "comparatively dull" in structure; but the poem "He 'Digesteth Harde Yron'", which is built of periodic units, is not "comparatively dull", for her zest for language as a vitality in itself contends throughout with the use of metric to make a conforming pattern. Words were not yet reduced to the conventional trivial units of NewYorkerese that they become in her later verse. Yet in the larger units of structure the structures are already inorganic. Once the stanza is set, there is no further form, no further "experience", realized in its extension. The number of stanzas is arbitrary. The poem presents examples of itself, a series that may be "complete" at

any point because, otherwise, it is extensible as long as the poet's rationalizations continue. The form of the whole, in conventional verse, does not rest in the fulfillment of or growth of its parts toward the revelation of their "life" but in the illustration of the taste and arbitration of the poet. Between its appearance in What Are Years (1941) and its appearance in Selected Poems (1951) Marianne Moore eliminated three lines of stanza six in He 'Digesteth Harde Yron', all of stanzas seven and eight, without altering the "form" of the whole. The uncertainty she has often shown about the total form of a poem is a corollary of a periodic or imitative structure where, as Schrodinger observes of mineral structures, "there are no definite limits to the size of the whole." Although in its inception Marianne Moore's verse follows the line of a growth out of a germinal nucleus, and in this it was, especially in the twenties and thirties, akin to that of her peers, H.D., Williams, or Pound. The thoroughly conventional poem projects a prescription of the line to line conformity. But Marianne Moore's growth, being periodic, inorganic, has no internal law of the whole. The history of the poem, for Marianne Moore, consists of instances of itself, as natural history for her is after Linnaeus and pre-Darwin a collection of types or models of species. In her technical brilliance (as late as the poem Style, circa 1956), she excells. The very crux of the poem is its mechanical expertness. But in her poetics, in her thought and feeling of the poem then, she does not evolve as life does but repeats; her verse is not creative but exemplary in form. So there is no process of rebirth, of an evolving apprehension of form in her work, of impending experience, that might make for a major impetus in the later years of her life, such as we find in The Pisan Cantos, in Paterson, and in the War Trilogy, in the work of poets whose poetry had come to be a "life" work.

*

It is not in their exemplary character-structure but in their passion, in their ripeness, the fullness in process of what they are, that I am moved by H.D., Pound, and Williams. They move in their work through phases of growth towards a poetry that spreads in scope as an aged tree spreads its roots and branches, as a man's experience spreads; their art in language conveying scars and informations of age without armor as a man may gather in his face and form acknowledged accumulations of what he is in his life, in his cooperation with the world about him.

*

Thus, in The Walls Do Not Fall, it is the cooperation of the elements of the poem that informs. Not imitating but arising from the beat of the heart and from the breath, yes.... As in his Projective Verse essay of 1950, Charles Olson was to see the impetus of a new poetry as "from the union of the mind and the ear that the syllable is born", the hearing of the poem, and from "the HEART, by way of the BREATH, to the LINE", the inspiration and feeling of the poem. Recalling again what H. D. in Secret Name sees, where the poet (the H. D. we recognize in the Helen Fairwood of the story) and the god (the Bear Zeus that Helen Fairwood recognizes in Captain Rafton) have their apotheosis in the apparition of the birth-house or germinal cell, as the woman and man "in love", heart-beat to heart-beat, are carried, "brother" and "sister" now, "twins, lovers".

"The mind is brother to this sister (the heart) and is, because it is so close, the drying force," Olson writes, "the incest, the sharpener." Where I see his meaning superimposed upon H. D.'s image in Secret Name. Syllable and line, Olson has it, are born "of the incest of verse (always, that Egyptian thing, it produces twins!)". If, as we have been persuaded by Freudian psychoanalysis, we may read in everyday events and speech as in dreams a language that tells of our genital life, that language tells too of our breathing and of the circulation of our blood. Our consciousness of life, our "speech" then, arising from these.

*

H. D. cannot arbitrate but must follow the inspiration (the in-breathing) and the beat, as she follows the feel and balance of the poem, for she works, having all the predisposition of her previous thought, towards the discovery of the whole. She works, as in analysis, to bring the content from latency into awareness. History here consists of "incidents" or parts of something in process, and the work of the poet is to find or render what is happening. Natural history is an evolution. The design unfolds, self-creative. Her sense of affinity with the shell-fish as "master-mason" (pathetic fallacy to the critic who does not believe there is a continuity of spirit in the universe) is morphological. She is concerned with a correspondence that is also, if we believe in evolution as life creating itself, where self is spirit, a sense of psychic origin.

*

In xxxviii of The Walls Do Not Fall, the poet's mind operates in a field of human mind, again as a thread weaves in a tapestry:

"your way of thought (mine),

each has its peculiar intricate map,
threads weave over and under

the jungle-growth
of biological aptitudes,

inherited tendencies,
the intellectual effort

of the whole race...

Each mind has its "peculiar ego-centric / personal approach / to the eternal realities" and "differs from every other / in minute particulars", "as the vein-paths on any leaf", as each line in the poem has its "approach" and must be perfected there, having that imperfection that it is perfected only in the field of its existence which it experiences as "approach" or "intention". H.D.'s "eternal realities" I would see here as figures in a design to which any individual life contributes. The germinal form of Man in which we individuate and out of which we are each the immediate occasion of our species is such a figure, "of the whole race". Here she draws upon the biological identity, as in The Flowering of the Rod, ix, she affirms:

No poetic phantasy
but a biological reality,

a fact: I am an entity
like bird, insect, plant

or sea-plant cell...

where "poetic phantasy", with its connotation of being made up for fancy's sake, is not the poet's term but her interior adversary's, not then that poetic phantasy in Ficino's terms identified with the creative imagination, for the tenor of the War Trilogy is that Dream and Life are one--the "spiritual realities" and "eternal realities" are "biological". It is not only the figure of Man then out of which and toward which the individual thread has its weaving of intention, but, beyond Man, in the larger field of Life itself, so that the poet strives for organic form as Life form. This is not a humanist art. The "whole race" is ultimately not the species Man but the race of the living.

*

With Olson's Projective Verse the field of the imagination was extended to a form that took its imperative in the atomic particular or the cell. The energy of the poem he saw had its spring in the immediate event: "Let's start from the smallest particle of all, the syllable." There is a change then possible that haunts our minds since Olson's charge--that the formal imperative or intent has its spring back of the word or phrase (back of that civilization of meanings agreed upon that the dictionary represents) in the minim of our speech, the immediate sounding event.

In this minim, in our articulation of vowels, lies the crucial evolutionary fact underlying the word. Speech, our specifically human instrument, is a possibility that arose with the separation of larynx and soft palate. "Specialization, semanticity, arbitrariness," these functions of language we share with all primates; "discreteness", "discreteness", "traditional transmission" with our fellow anthropoids; but with the play of vowel color, we have our own music, giving rise to new qualities in speech: "displacement", "productivity", "duality of patterning", the operations of our natural imagination in which sound makes sense. (See, Charles D. Hockett, "The Origins of Speech", Scientific American, September 1960)

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So, I see The Walls Do Not Fall develop along lines of an intuited "reality" that is also a melody of vowel tone and rime giving rise to image and mythos and out of the community of meanings returning to themes towards its individual close. In her work she consciously follows the lead of image to image, of line to line or of word to word, which takes her to the brink (as "gone" leads to "guns" in the opening of the poem) of meaning, the poet establishing lines of free (i.e., individual) association within the society of conventional meanings. The form of the poem, of the whole, is an entity or life-time, a "biological reality", having life as her own body has life.

## III

The "Heart" in our projection of the tapestry of the poem appears as the brotherhood of scribes or initiates of Thoth; they belong to, have given their allegiance to, the truth or the heart of things. In the City Under Fire of parts i, ii, ix, x, xi, xii, xiv, xxiv, xxix, xxxiv,

and the closing xliii of The Walls Do Not Fall, the heart is in trial. As in the code-script involving all the future development of the poem, there appears the accusation that the City makes against the poet: "your heart, moreover

> is a dead canker,
>
> they continue, and
> your rhythm is the devil's hymn.

It is "Isis, Aset or Astarte" who is accused here; the sexual lure and seductiveness of the poet in her service or her cult, the cult of the love affair, the affair of the heart, the cultivation of heart-ache, heart-consciousness or passion over mind-consciousness or reason. The theme in The Walls Do Not Fall of giving thanks for recovery or survival in a time of war (on this level, a prayer during an air-raid) is in turn a thanks for recovery, as in Tribute to the Angels:

> where Zadkiel, we pause to give
> thanks that we rise again from death and live,

from a heart-attack, consciously or unconsciously included in the statement. In Narthex (see, The Second American Caravan, 1928), the sign --"triangle set on triangle that makes a star, the seal of Solomon" -- is the heart, where the triangle of an old affair-- "Katherine-Mordant-Raymonde"--is "burnt out", "residue of suffering" kept or learned by heart, we say. The "half-burnt-out apple-tree / blossoming", the epiphany of Tribute to the Angels, may be the heart (the "tree" of arteries and veins) recovering. It was, she tells us, "the spear / that pierces the heart."

*

The attack, the being under fire, is an old theme of H.D.'s. In "Halcyon" from Red Roses for Bronze of 1931:

> "tinsel" they said the other lives were
> all those I loved,
> I was forgot;

what is most the heart of the matter for the "I" comes under the attack of others as irrelevant; in "The Tribute" of 1916: "till our heart's shell was reft / with the shrill notes", where Beauty and love are the causes of an exile. In the War Trilogy thirty years later, the "we"

who are under attack are devotees of beauty and of a heresy of love; the art of writing, the "script, letters, palette", is itself under attack as tinsel. The actual War, the incendiary attacks, the deprivations, come to illustrate or manifest another war the lover and poet knew under attack, to reactivate the violence felt in the critical and social rejection of her person and her art that H.D. had known. But these voices that accuse have been brought over into the authority of the poem; they are voices of the poetic consciousness itself. The adversary is heart-felt.

*

Returning to the City or Heart under "Apocryphal fire", in The Walls Do Not Fall, i, we see it clearly: "the heart burnt out, dead ember, / tendons, muscles shattered, outer husk dismembered, / yet the frame held." This "death" of the physical heart and its "resurrection" in the opening poem leads forward to the poet's taking heart in the Christos or taking love in the Lover, as, in turn, we recognize her "New Master over Love" in the blossoming of the tree, in which the flowering of the rood returns, itself the news of a Vita Nuova from the Cross. So, too, the City burning gives us leads. We see Sodom, or Pompeii with its House of the Dionysian Mysteries, some city of Astarte, Carthage the burned and salted ground (or, as in Helen in Egypt, Troy thrown down, the City, like the Woman, "hated of all Greece"). It is a scene like that shown in the Lot and His Daughters attributed to Lucas van Leyden or in the visionary canvasses of Bosch or Brueghel, where the City is inflamed, as, from the crusade against the Cathars of Provence, where at Béziers the Pope's armies turned the cathedral of Saint-Nazaire into a great oven in which the faithful were burned, to the raging wars that swept Christendom in the seventeenth century where Protestant and Catholic sought to exterminate each other, the heart of the Christian reality--the City of God--was broken.

Or the scene is from Bosch's Garden of Delights, or, as Wilhelm Fränger argues it should be titled--The Millenium, where in the right-hand panel we see those who dwell in the wrath of God, in the volcano of His inner agony. It is Jehovah's realm, before Christ, the intestines of the Burning Mountain. The "we" of H.D.'s poem, who cry:

> Dev-ill was after us,
> tricked up like Jehovah

have seen the Bad Father, and live in the world as if in the wrath of the last days. Where we cannot identify with the will of powerful groups in the society we live in, we feel their power over us as an evil. The word evil, the O.E.D. suggests: "usually referred to the root of up, over",

may then be whatever power over us of outer or inner compulsion. As the power and presumption of authority by the State has increased in every nation, we are ill with it, for it surrounds us and, where it does not openly conscript, seeks by advertising, by education, by dogma or by terror, to seduce, enthrall, mould, command or coerce our inner will or conscience or inspiration to its own uses. Like the pious Essenes alienated from Romanizing priests and civilizing Empire alike, like the Adamite cult to which Bosch may have belonged, the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit, alienated from the spiritual authoritarianism of the Church and from the laws of warring feudal lords and principalities, we too may find ourselves, at odds with the powers that be, members of a hidden community, surviving not in history but in the imagination or faith. Like Jews paying taxes to Caesar or like little children suffering under the tyranny of powerful adults, we then live in a world that is "theirs", in "their" power, in which a deeper reality, our own, is imprisoned. Our life is hidden in our hearts, a secret allegiance, at odds with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, and the true kingdom is "not of this World". The artist--the poet as well as the painter or musician--striving to keep alive the reality of his art as revelation and inspiration of Truth or Beauty finds himself so at odds with the dominant motives of profit and industry embodied in the society; for Communist and Capitalist alike the work of art is taken to be a commodity of social exchange. Not only gnostics and pacifists but artists and poets, those who live by an inner reality or world, having a prior adherence to the heart's truth or wish, appear as heretics or traitors to those who lead or conform to the dominations of the day.

*

In "The Tribute", the City stricken by war, has already been betrayed "for a thrust of a sword, / for a piece of thin money" and the gods driven out, except for War, and this Mars has "treacherous feet". In "Cities" of 1914, H.d. had seen "hideous first, hideous now" the hive of a "new" or false city crowd out all vestige of the old beauty, only a few left to cherish what once was and to await the coming of beauty again, like a heart that has lost love and waits, alienated, for its return.

As the poet Rilke saw the poets as bees storing the honey of the invisible in a time when, from the center of the commodity-culture, "there come crowding over from America empty, indifferent things, pseudo-things, Dummy-life," so H.D, sees the City as a hive where the few remnants keep "grains of honey" and there appears a mass-people of the new age, larvae spreading "not honey but seething life".

"We are perhaps the last to have still known such things," Rilke writes to von Hulewicz in 1925. "We would feed forever / on the amber honeycomb / of your remembered greeting," H.D. reiterates in The Walls Do Not Fall in 1942: "but the old-self,

> still half at-home in the world,
> cries out in anger...

*

The surrender of this-worldly purposes so important in religious conversion and the separation of desire from passion into its own pure kingdom so important in the conversion of lovers to love, these are like the conversion of outer and inner reality to form a poetic real. Outer and inner conflicts enter into and surcharge the poetic. At odds with powerful influences, whether they be his own impulses or the opposing will of other men, the poet holds the new reality only by a heightened intensity. Realizations come not as charming experiences but as rare gains in reality, as raptures. The "honey" Rilke and H.D. speak of is such "rapture", the secretion of the life experience of a beseiged spirit, part then of a complex that includes the other features we find in apocalyptic statement--anger, outrage, despair, fear, judgment. The flaming cities are not only representations of persecutions suffered or punishments anticipated in heresy, they are also representations of a revenging wrath projected by the heretic, the stored-up sense of injustice and evil will over us raging outward. Within the picture painted or raised in the poem, as in the individual psyche and in the society at large, we see the same symptoms. Everywhere, we find at every level the content felt as psychic is manifest. The individual psyche lives in the psychic society, as the individual physical body lives in the physical City. The artist then is not only psychically at odds but physically at odds. His art a physical contradiction of the pseudo-things and advertisements about him, as his spirit is a psychic contradiction. The manifest ugliness of things made in the spirit of investment and profit is physically oppressive.

The triumph of utility over beauty in the square unornamented functional architecture of the "International" style is the dominant idea in our contemporary utilitarian City, appropriate expression of the will-to-power of large corporations over all individual variation; as, in turn, the dominant idea in international affairs--the Atomic War--hints at the anger, outrage, despair, fear suffered by corporation-men themselves living in their own system.

*

H. D.'s apocalyptic vision in the War Trilogy, like her identification with Hellenistic decadence in the period between the first two World Wars, provides an historical perspective in which the experience of London under attack in the Second World War becomes meaningful in relation to depths and heights of personal reality, depths she had come to know in her psychoanalysis with Freud and then in new terms with the study of occult and hermetic lore, heights she had known in aesthetic and erotic ideals as early as her first work. To be a poet appeared as a challenge of existing things, and poets seemed to form a heretical group, as among poets "Imagists" in turn were viewed as heretical by conventional versifiers. "She is fighting in her country," H. D. wrote of Marianne Moore in 1916 in The Egoist, "against squalor and commercialism. We are all fighting the same battle."

She had known too in the War Years the persecution that dogged the little pacifist group around D. H. Lawrence, for Frieda and Lawrence had taken refuge in the house where H. D. lived. "Victims, victimised and victimising," she writes in Bid Me To Live: "Perhaps the victims came out, by a long shot, ahead of the steady self-determined victimisers." They were, she and Lawrence and Pound, not of the lost generation but "they had roots (being in their mid-twenties and their very early thirties) still in that past. They reacted against a sound-board, their words echoed..." "What was left of them was the war generation, not the lost generation."

*

Beauty under attack, Imagism under attack, pacifism under attack, and, as the Wars like great Dreams began to make it clear, life itself under attack--H. D. had an affinity for heretical causes. In psychoanalysis again she found a cult under attack. "Upon my suggestion to H. D. that psychoanalysis seemed to affect some people as does Christian Science," Robert McAlmon argues with the contempt commonsense has for such things, "she took me seriously and said yes, it was a religion." It was, Freud felt, to take the place of religion, and he thought always of psychoanalysis under attack as Truth under attack, for the civilization itself--indeed, civilization itself--was at war against knowing anything about, much less recognizing within, the contents of the unconscious. "My discoveries are a basis for a very grave philosophy," she tells us Freud told her: "There are very few who understand this, there are very few who are capable of understanding this."

*

To be analysed was not only an initiation, a learning to read the meaning of dreams, of daily life, of the poem; it was also a trial. "'I am asking only one thing of you,' he said," H. D. writes in Tribute to Freud; then: "Even as I write the words, I have the same sense of anxiety, of tension, of imminent responsibility that I had at that moment."

What he asks is that she not defend his philosophy. Is it in some way like Augustine's perception that while Rome falls to the barbarians, the Christians, seeking out the meaning of Rome, must not defend the truth or city against the enemy but convert the enemy to the city--a "City of God" that Rome may be but that is not Rome. "At the least suggestion that you may be about to begin a counter-argument in my defense, the anger or the frustration of the assailant will be driven deeper. You will drive the hatred or the fear or the prejudice in deeper ... The only way to extract the fear or prejudice would be from within, from below."

*

The apocalyptic picture of the world that is also the heart under attack is a complex image of correspondences between what is felt as inflicted and what is felt in projection, of wishes for vengeance that are also fears of punishment seen fulfilled in actual events. "Pompeii has nothing to teach us," H. D. begins the Trilogy:

> we know crack of volcanic fissure,
> slow flow of terrible lava,
>
> pressure on heart, lungs, the brain...

where the events of the London blitz illustrate the wrath of the Father, and the arguments of the pro-war forces in English society demanding the adherence of all wills to the war effort reappear as voices of the Protestant Ethic, the very spirit of industrial and commercial capitalism, in attack upon art, sexuality and Woman. Behind the war is an old war against Tiamat. On a psychological level, an analytical level, the war is sensed in pressures of inner wrath--of the "Jehovah" within--upon living organs. Such a condition demands of the imagination a new heart and a new reality in which there is the germ of survival.

So it is the story of survival, the evolution of forms in which life survives. In the tides of oceanic life-force, the élan vitale, the the individual heart appears as the shell-fish. "That flabby, amorphous hermit / within" is the brain in its skull-shell, and its limit, the limit of thought in the overwhelming element of what is. But it is also the heart, holding against too much feeling:

> it unlocks the portals
> at stated intervals:
>
> prompted by hunger,
> it opens to the tide-flow:

where a correspondence is felt between the tide of the sea and the tide of the blood, between ebb and flow and the systole and diastole; between the valves of the heart and the valves of the shell-fish who lives in the tidal rhythm, as the brain lives in the tidal flow of the heart, fed by charges of blood in the capillaries.

*

Here (The Walls Do Not Fall, iv) the individual life begets itself from and must also hold itself against the enormous resources of life, against the too-much, "beget self-out-of-self", take heart in what would take over the heart in its greater power.. The theme recurs: in xvii: "the tide is turning"; in xxv: "my heart-shell / breaks open". It leads forward in Tribute to the Angels to Gabriel, the Moon-Regent, Lord of Spiritual Tides, and, in The Flowering of the Rod to the echo of the sea and of her Tiamat-identity that Woman brings with her to the Christ.

*

The "indigestible, hard, ungiving" thing, of iv, that "living within" begets "that pearl-of-great-price", may be a coal, in xvii, "for the world's burning"; for, in xxv, we learn that the phoenix dropped "a grain, as of scalding wax" from its burning, that "lodged in the heart-core, / has taken its nourishment" and, in xxviii, that the grain fell "between a heart-beat of pleasure / and a heart-beat of pain." We see readily the statement that the nucleus of the poem itself as a pearl may grow from a painful "indigestible" thing. Underlying it we may

sense the statement that the poet has taken heart in a long-forgotten burning event.

*

As, in the systole-diastole refference, the consecration / affirmation of xxxix is charged with biological meaning:

> We have had too much consecration,
> too little affirmation,
>
> too much: but this, this, this
> has been proved heretical,
>
> too little: I know, I feel
> the meaning that words hide...

where the presentation of intellectual alternates--the orthodoxy arising from convention and the consensus of authority versus the heresy of the individual experience--would seem farthest from referring to the physical image of the heart, but in its form of alternating beats, of a flux between too much and too little, it proposes not the image of opposites but the image of a circulation, the returning flood from the ventricle of the heart into the arterial circuit, where the sense of the more-than-enough in the word "too" may refer to the crisis or strain. The "hermit / within" who would survive and create "self-out-of-self" in the tide flow of oceanic feeling must keep his limits, "of-nothing-too-much."

In the opening poems of The Flowering of the Rod, this theme of crisis or heart-beat in a duality flowers in full song, beginning with the "I go where I love and where I am loved", ii, and continuing through viii--a song of assent and affirmation in the alternating current of human will. Here, beyond the of-nothing-too-much, she acclaims "the insatiable longing", "the eternal urge", "the despair", then the desire itself "to equilibrate the eternal variant".

*

"To charge with meaning to the utmost possible degree," Pound had commanded the poet. To the heart's limit? "Meaning" may be then H.D.'s new Master over Love that is also a new heart taken in poetry and appears as the key from which the new feeling of history distributes its rhythm. The "but gods always face two-ways" of The Walls Do Not Fall, ii, charged with meaning to the utmost pos-

sible degree, means times too always face two ways. "Every hour, every minute," H.D. tells us in Tribute to Angels, "has its specific attendant Spirit"; there is no time that is not a god, the dying and rebirth of self. "The tide is turning", of The Walls Do Not Fall, xvii, where "we" are "coals for the world's burning" refers not only to a turning-point in the orders of human history but to a turning-point in the body's history, the diagnosis of a crisis; and, back of these, to a turning-point in which we know the intent of life itself manifest.

*

"When I first tried animal experimentation for the purpose of discovering the motions and functions of the heart by actual inspection and not by other people's books," Harvey writes: "I found it so truly difficult that I almost believed with Fracastorius, that the motion of the heart was to be understood by God alone. I could not really tell when systole or diastole took place, or when dilation or construction occurred, because of the quickness of the movement."

*

It is in the "I could not really tell when" that only the imagination leads us on--the affirmation, H.D. calls it. The vision of history in The Walls Do Not Fall grows from a seed of light or pulse--it is an old occult tradition. A heart-beat, a seed of time, a mustard seed, so immediate that it precedes our sense of it:

> then I woke with a start
> of wonder and asked myself
>
> but whose eyes are those eyes?

"All that we can observe," Whitehead argues in Adventures of Ideas, consists of conceptual persuasions in the present ... Literature preserves the wisdom of the human race; but in this way it enfeebles the emphasis of first-hand intuition. In considering our direct observation of past, or of future, we should confine ourselves to time-spans of the order of magnitude of a second, or even of fractions of a second."

/July 31st, 1964/ Conceived first in the Spring of 1961 as a daybook,

allowing for sketches of thought, digressive followings of impulse and searchings for content, for design within design, a demonstration of what occurs as I take H. D.' s War Trilogy as the ground of interpretation, days haunted by passages of her poem, introducing new elements, rendering new possibilities, three years later in the Summer of 1964, as in those drawings at the cave-temple of Pech-Merle in the Hall of Hieroglyphics "superimposed, drawn by fingers in the soft clay (soft and pliable even now), with no dominant direction, crossing and interpenetrating one another", where, Giedion tells us in The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Art, "Aurignacian man gained magic possession of coveted animals by drawing their outlines in the darkness of the caverns, illuminated only by a flickering torch", or, as in Marie and Pierre Curie' s working the pitchblende, following the lure of an unseen-as-yet element, who appear in Paterson: Four as personae of the poet himself working the language where "A dissonance / in the valence of Uranium / led to the discovery"

to get, after months of labor .

a stain at the bottom of the retort
without weight, a failure, a
nothing. And then, returning in the
night, to find it .

LUMINOUS

the book returns again and again to this material in which the lure of a seed or a beart-beat or a minimal nucleus of consciousness lingers. Thought here not expository but experimental, trying the materials, and operative, the matter itself changing in experiment, the immediate work in its working creating itself anew as gold or goal. In places I am thinking-through lines twice thought-through before, not to come to the conclusion of a thought but to return to its movement, to old traces, drawn by the idea that is a generative force, inhabiting these lines, along these lines, to find out what draws me, in the dark by the light of what I have known towards the light of what I do not yet know, am about to know as I draw; the drawing, a dramatic rehearsal.

A finding then, a finding out of a way in going, of the poet in the figure of the poet traced from lines where H. D. before me worked along these lines. Life of poet crossing and interpenetrating life of poet in the imaination of something "to gain magic-possession" of that most coveted animal power, the lion-voice, the serpent-wisdom, the nightingale-song, the antlered crown--to commune with the animal force felt in the poem return to the working of the poem. So, the rehearsals of self as "that craftsman, / the shell-fish", or, "when I, / the indus-

trious worm, / spin my own shroud", or "erect serpent" in The Walls Do Not Fall; so, the ecstatic flight as "the first wild goose", having the migratory bird's instinctual drive to "hover / over the lost island, Atlantis".

For I am not a literary scholar nor an historian, not a psychologist, a professor of comparative religions or an occultist. I am a student of, I am searching out, a poetics. There are times when my primary work here, my initiation of self as poet in the ground of the poet H. D. and also my working of what is now a "matter of Poetry" (as the Arthurian lore is called the matter of Britain) and in turn an element in the great matter of the Creation of Man, there are times when my work has given way to literary persuasions and arguments, as if I might plead the cause of my life experience before the authorities at Nicaea and have my way, no longer heretical, taken over by those good bishops who control appointments and advancements as established dogma, a place won for H. D. in the orthodox taste and opinion of literary convensions.

But just here I would admit those crossed lines, mixed purposes, almost of a literary scholar, an historian, a psychologist, a professor of comparative religions, overwriting the poet and the figure before us that we are striving to realize.

Where now we have only this one way to go, to the knotting and the untying of knots, moving along the line of our moving, the sometimes multiphasic sentence, we follow, trace of this coveted animal or animating power we address, crossing and recrossing its charm as if we could so bring in over into our human lot the form it is of a book we are writing or of a life we are leading, is the nucleus itself of our work which we feel as an impending lure, the turning point where we are, leading us on. 7

*

We are, where a work of art is thought of as organic, related to a concept of life itself as a process of form in creation, always where "the tide is turning". In the opening of The Walls Do Not Fall:

> unaware, Spirit announces the Presence
> shivering overtakes us,

the Presence in which we shiver is the entity of the poem itself in which the poet shivers, the immanence of the design of the tapestry in the weaver's held breath as he works.

*

The heart, felt in the very beat of the verse, expressed in the insistent figure of alternating ebb and flow, consecration and affirmation, "hot noon-sun" and "the grey / opalescent winter-dawn", appears in the foreground of the design as a jar carried by the Mage Kaspar to a new Master over Love (over the heart then). And Life appears as genius, as an odor of myrrh, where the seal of the jar or heart was unbroken, that comes from the Christ-Child as if from one's own heart. Life is the Presence, "spectrum-blue, / ultimate blue ray," H.D. addresses It in The Walls Do Not Fall, xiii: "rare as radium, as healing", toward which or from which the memory of the Curies from William Carlos Williams' s Paterson may have come. So, too, Wilhelm Reich saw Life in each cell, as he tells us in The Function of the Orgasm, as a blue flame. In poetry, perhaps, we can allow the vision, though H.D.'s critics were suspicious of poetic fraud; in psychiatry, it brought disgrace for Reich and, ultimately, actual imprisonment for medical fraud upon the seer.

*

We can allow the blue light? But once H.D. presents it, the "ultimate blue ray", what we could not really tell then, is not a passing fantasy but some ultimate term of the reality of the poem. The empire of her thought and feeling is always precarious, in excess of critical permission, and now to bring in this remnant of theosophical color-theory? of romantic dream-key? the blue flower of Novalis' s Heinrich von Ofterdingen? The very names Theosophical and Romantic are perjoratives in the great court of that Nicaea I am tempted to address.

*

So, we are lost, we have lost our argument and must go on deeper to follow the lead of this Heart, as if the heart were itself an organ of intelligence and we would find more than a figure of speech in the intuition of "to know by heart" or "to know in one's heart". But now it is a jar that we follow in the poem, and the blue light is an odor....

*

When first announcement comes in The Walls Do Not Fall of the Christos, we are told:

His, the Genius in the jar

which the Fisherman finds,

He is Mage,
bringing myrrh.

The "stone-marvel" of the sea-shell, the "egg-shell", are little alabaster jars. Stars, too, are "little jars of that indisputable / and absolute Healer, Apothecary", and contain something; as words and then poems are containers, where meaning and presence are myrrh and the odor of myrrh.

*

O heart, small urn
of porphyry, agate or cornelian,

how imperceptibly the grain fell
between a heart-beat of pleasure

and a heart-beat of pain;
I do not know how it came.

As in Kaspar's vision of the unfolding of the seed or pearl as a nucleus of light in which the world is contained and revealed: "no one will ever know / whether the picture he saw clearly / as in a mirror was predetermined" or "no one will ever know how it happened / that in a second or a second and a half a second" there is a gnosis beyond knowing. "Of the order of magnitude of a second, or even of fractions of a second," Whitehead says. "I could not really tell," Harvey testifies. "A small molecule," Schrödinger tells us, "might be called 'the germ of a solid.'"

*

It is not abstract, a separate mental conception, apart from the material instance; but ineffable, elusive to definition. "The sense of having lived," Henry James writes in his Preface to The Wings of the Dove, trying to recapture the germ of that work--the idea of Milly Theale desiring "to achieve, however briefly and brokenly, the sense of having lived."

*

So, the hidden seed, the myrrh or meaning, the heart's rap-

ture" may also be such a sense of having lived, for it is to live that I find myself returning to the poem.

*

As it was the title What Is Life? that drew me to Schrödinger's work, and the sense of life, the excitement or immediacy in the writing of Schrödinger that leads me on to read. To bring forward into fulness of consciousness and involvement "the sense of having lived". That must then spring from the immediate presence of one's having lived in the only area the sense of anything can take place or time in--in the present intuition. The writer's having lived in the writing the reader in turn lives in.

"The image so figured would be, at best, but half the matter," James writes: "the rest would be all the picture of the struggle involved, the adventure brought about, the gain recorded or the loss incurred, the precious experience somehow compassed."

*

The image and the tissue of the image, the weaving and the woven tapestry, contain something, the sense of having lived, so that where we respond to books or to works of art intensely we think of them as living, we have the sense of having lived in the world of our reading. In Tribute to the Angels, the Lady, Mother of God, appears to H. D. bearing not the Christ but a book, as if Life or Love were also Poem or Work of Art--"her book is our book; written", H. D. confides in xxxix:

> or unwritten, its pages will reveal
>
> a tale of a Fisherman,
> a tale of a jar or jars.

*

"I have trouble following," my friend Thomas Parkinson had noted in reading the first draft of the Day Book at this transition from James's evocation of the picture or image, the adventure, the gain or loss, and the precious experience somehow compassed, to H. D.'s "her book is our book". The passage from James had come abruptly to my mind as I wrote, and I, following, also had trouble. Certainly, the intensity of James's living in the writing itself, life in turn the germ of the book, comes near to the sense I have of H. D.'s cult with-

in the poem. Now, going back to the passages in which the Lady appears, from the xxiv with its beginning lines I have quoted more than once in this work: "Every hour, every moment / has its specific attendant Spirit" through xli with its return of the Angels as bells tolling the Hour --"our purpose, a tribute to the Angels", the lines leap up from xxxvi: "she brings the Book of Life, obviously."

*

This is the religion of the Book. The People of the Book, so Islam denoted the Jews, Christians, and themselves. And we who take our lives in the afterlife of Christendom in writing and in reading must come across hints of the Word as we follow the word and of the Presence as we find a book lively. The Lady in Tribute to the Angels may be the Mother of the Word--the writer herself:

> She carried a book, either to imply
> she was one of us, with us,

or she may have been the Bride of the Word, the reader:

> or to suggest she was satisfied
> with our purpose, a tribute to the Angels.

At the close of the work itself, in The Flowering of the Rod, we see Her again, where Kaspar brings forward the jar in which the old lore or sacred orthodox but esoteric story has been stored. But the bearer of the gift has met a woman along the way, the myrrh has become mixed perhaps, the story even as the woman tells it passes into another lore belonging to the world of Woman, the Mara of bitter experience to become "Mary-myrrh". Receiving the gift for the Child, the Mother may be the Muse receiving the poem on behalf of the Poem or Poetry. "Sir, it is a most beautiful fragrance, / as of all flowering things together." As, we realize, in the presentation of the poem itself H. D. as bearer of the content of the poem is like Kaspar for she is not sure the content has not been "changed", mixed, and yet she comes to know the gift--for the poem comes as a gift to the poet writing--is one of having lived in the pleasure of "a most beautiful fragrance", the music of the poem.

*

The ambivalence of the heart ("facing two ways"), the secretiveness of the heart, these are to be brought before the Christ-

Child; He Himself a sealed jar, yet a-jar somehow, for the essence escapes everywhere--mercurial, hermetic. He had been declared King, heir of the Fathers, even as the myrrh had been the secret or secretion of the Fathers, yet the suspicion lingers that another intention, a Woman's, has interfered.

The hardness of the heart is brought before the Child in the gift, for it is contained in the "small urn" of alabaster. As in Narthex, almost two decades earlier, where H.D.'s seeing-in-depth first appears, she must bring the burnt-out triangle of painful experience into the hieroglyph of Solomon's seal, a woman's message worked into the sign of the Mage, so here, the odor of a woman's bitterness, of brine, "a Siren-song" is brought into the myrrh: "in recognition," she tells us in The Flowering of the Rod, xx, it might be "of an old burnt-out / yet somehow suddenly renewed infatuation..." Alabastor and salt of the sea had been terms of her first poems.

But then, as if love everywhere, even bitter love, burnt-out and lost love, were Love, it is not from the jar, whatever became of its myrrh, but from the Jar, the heart of the matter:

> the fragrance came from the bundle of myrrh
> she held in her arms.

"I am the Way," this God had said. And the way as we write may be the Christ; its music, the fragrance. "I am the Life," the sense of having lived, of its living, the closeness to essential Life in which our recognition of any work of art is involved may be our sense of its Mastery. He is the book she carries as she appears to the poet, and in the close of the book the poet writes, as at the close of the War Trilogy, He appears as the Child. "The Kingdom is within," He also said, where the Way, Word, Life, Master, World are one, in the Heart.

Nelson Ball (5 poems

## CUP

There is a brown line
around the rim of the cup.

I left the coffee
too long to cool.

Then swallowed it
too quickly.

All that' s left is the
brown line.

No ring --I didn' t tap the last drop
from the spoon.

No marriage --I simply
drank it all.

S l u s h
thrown against my coat--

si lence...

## TEAR

I am as near
to you

as the
Wet, Curved

Brown of your eye.

Ours is ' rounder'
than the whore' s.

Ours --for hours
& hours.

## SHOES

1.

The foot determines the fit.

2.

The man has a loose mind--
like the rubber boots he wears.

3.

He is always happy to discard
old boots for new.

4.

His child is barefoot.

Diane Wakoski

## AN HOUR

8:35 Age
is a hand-me-down dress.
Just sat for two hours
and heard a modified version
of my life
at age 18;
but told by another
woman.
The hem
had been taken up
the sleeves altered a bit
different buttons
and some lace.
But the same dress, alright.

8:40 Life
is a garment,
which
after it is worn too long
becomes unusable.
Some of us
wear out our clothes
faster than others.
My mother
always said
I was hard on shoes.

I spent the afternoon
calmly
rationally
trying to explain
why
if a certain loss occurred
I would
take my life.
Not that I couldn' t withstand the pain

of losing what I love most
once again;
but that it would be an indication
that that same loss
would occur
over and over again.
And
I cannot see
subjugating oneself
senselessly to a sorting machine,
obviously designed for different oranges.
Maybe even lemons
or limes.
Death is an
alternative
that makes me a little clamer about life;
I could not explain
to those who love me like parents
that my life ended
would also be my tortures
ended. "Don't give up," they say.
But why not?
The thought of it
is the only thing which has given me peace
since you told me you loved me.
Now, of course,
I find that you probably
don't.
It is not that I could not be without you.
It is that
I do not want to be.
See no need
for that gratuitous
torture.

Would you not crush that cyanide capsule
and ingest it,
if you knew you would be tortured
beyond anything
you could stand?
The government approves
of suicide
in lieu of a long and painful death
at the hands

of the enemy.

8:50 Death
is a good pair of gloves
keeping your hands warm
on a very cold night.
You forget about them,
those fingers that previously
were filled with
pain,
the icy bird pecking at them.
When I think about my hands,
they are cold and painful, wanting to touch
your face, and I think about your own hands
which never feel the pains
of ice.

8:58 A watch
keeps time
by the sun.
I live by the moon,
and structure my life according to
the Seas of Magellen.
This delicate and complicated
astrolabe could
not read the correct position for me; the sun
throws shadows from my arms
on places I' ll never walk or be.
My two children,
one born in an orange grove,
the other under a tidal wave,
will you think that I betrayed you
letting your parents choose you,
and obscuring myself,
an enchantress
who dreamed you,
packing all my belongings
inside the skin
of a grape;
will you live like children
with a locked closet in your house,
trying to pick the lock
or peek inside
to see what dreadful

or beautiful
rareity
might be enclosed there?
Children
should have a better life than I had.
Life is nearly done for me,
and I haven't enough money
in my pocket
to pay the dentist to
fix your teeth.
And there is the loss of your father,
the man with a modern sextant,
measuring his way
out of my life.

9:10 Pain
is a bird
flying far overhead
to those who are not
at the moment
experiencing it. You cannot
see the eyes
or details of the plummage.
It does not seem like a moving thing,
except that it has one of the
requisites of life: movement.
This bird is circling you now. Is it
a vulture or a crow?
We should be able to match it up
with a silhouette in the
field guide.
There are no letters left
to answer
in the compartments,
"A", "E", "O", and "XYZ",
on my desk.
Albatross, has a hard time walking;
Emu, can't fly;
Osprey, bonebreaker;
XYZ, we can speed through the ending.

9:25 You big handsome Indian.
I don't understand your past.
Cannot pull even a 15 pound bow.

Yet I' ve asked you
to be my husband,
precisely so that we could share
our separate and different mythologies.
I would not follow you
to your hunting ground;  I know women are
forbidden there.
But I bring you strong magic;
songs and chants from a
world you' ll never
see.
Fresh,
wet,
cool,
just what will attract the deer;
sweet for the bear;
grassy for the buffalo.
Take me, Chief,
No one can walk more quietly
or gracefully,
than I
in moccasins.

26 Jan 69

Jack Hirschman

## THE TESTAMENT OF DECEMBER 13, 1933

Two years in the salt mines of pornography banished to the end of the world in Venice and I hear pornographys the fashion pornographys the thing here poets is your pornographic truth two years scribbling introductions to an exciting uptight much karma and learning for an old cycle warrior

One honestly comes to pornography when he cant put two and one together to make The Holy Trinity but in fact finds that short of the hype of a high or the brazen indulgence of acid pornography slides level with the American street internationale a sort of dumpy french music the other language every woman white black jew blue and by heavens christian too learns early to speak by silence you figures it this way you figures its manhoods last ditch with a sort of dirty aesthetic in it but tough and hard core the untouchable present for thats what pornography realistically is I mean magically realistically the present dimension of the reality of the sense of betrayal smeared all over the mappemunde from the Washington Head to the bed you cant not remember and so is dead level dead in the dark ressurrection with soot on your wings angelene forever armorica

Simply from my end the usage has been a spilling of the beans of the leftovers of days up at university when I was teaching what other fools now are before becoming conscious the only act of meaning anywhere is the act of falling which a poet cannot be provided as a teacher nor can pornographic writing of course either but the latter brings one closer to those street terms which truly are the level of India everywhere but let me come closer

Pornography is arrived at when the revolution of curriculum is distilled when any form of bureaucratic life is seen to be unbearable and one simply cannot escape the doublejinxed whammy of the woman and man in the bed yet in pursuit of them is the same as in flight from them in poesy

Pornography is grounded and gutteral fear the only true teacher of anything in this fraudulently academic time the only place where

the image of animated and active human bodies are raised to ikonic excruciation

Pornography is an international language that is a form of cruel poetry that falls just short of pure mechanism spikes the psyche on a nail of magical realism refuses Isms perceives the insipid sweet music of the young shucked up with dollarbills and innocence a deadly american lie perceives from that bed where all that can be perceived is perceived accurately that the truth of America IS pornographic fantasy and most of all that the young are not young and never were and the old is what all is tea man

Pornography is the other side of your high the backside pluperfect the bizarrial indigenous the suckabuuby blues the surreal IST the barrel of Toho into which one casts the whole fucking mob of everybodys business and comes up smelling snortch smegman and vituperous to boot

Pornography is the hymn to the World Woman the breadwinner the spit hammock the mama travesty the daughterson the swinging door may you be caught in forever

It returns one to the oldest isolation the sense of justice in the black suspenders of those Thirties of your old Maw & Paw bent in Depression over the Zenith when Walter was King and not Whitman mister but Winchell who is more up your Daily alley and down your Weekly street

Finally it says fart to art yes yes fart to your old Caterpillar and Earthquake and Evergreen fart to tomorrow and yesterday and today fart to all but each cellular meglomania each permutation holy in the silence of the act of meaningless and gorgeous creation the flapwillow play for keeps along the immy row of the dark childhood back from She and He to Doll and Guy to Maw and Paw out the other side Sitra Achra by name is evil and happy in it is the destruction of your kabbala to make me own

The gradations of the emanations of the sephirot of pornographic man are many for the dirtybook flies around the world of your night especially on Fridays the international literature that wouldnt get nationalized by War Academy actually the literature closest to Cosmic Vision the true Celestial Academy of Angels with many of course lesser lights but among them clear and bright luminaries for example a grand philosophic mind Georges Ba-

taille early to death makes his works that much wiser who is a poet and mind of first caliber and whose surreal erotic work The Story of the Eye is but one of many tracts for tracts in fact are what pornography is missals of potential ecstacy not unlike Dov Baers Tract On Ecstacy itself for the thing that links them is zerbrochenkeit brokenness and sad it is my Irish friend that in a world so fucked up with affluent comforts we must take our flight into the gutter to keep tune with brokenness with the ghetto everywhere but it has been that way forever and will forever be and that is why especially bright through the slime shines Bataille' s works not merely the novels but his philozophs and poems all relating to electric incest and fear as vision in the Blakean sense for in truth it is among the pornographers that Blake is kept alive with Queen Catherine the Shekina and where philosophy grows and poetry flourishes strong by the isolations come from BURNISHING ONES SELF a mask of leathery isolation in order for the cosmic flow to continue within which is all

There is then the Frenchman first as far as I am concerned undercutting the puritan anglosaxon american as well as the puritan vietnamese and also because the struggle in the world poetically is between indigenous national idioms and an international translated heaven rooted ultimately in Jerusalem whose central office aesthetically is Paris France mother of minds realist whore and inspiration sister of the ethics of the woman with whom you live her Double if you like her flight and pursuit of enlightenment HER buddha you bastard so I say learn Paris all over again Master Miller was right Paris is stronger than the States and will defeat the States it already has last year and this 1967-68

Others though works for example like those of Alexander Trocchi also inspired in fact by Paris but touching closer to our grain because where France BEGINS with the distance we must painfully learn Trocchi shows its slow and cool adjustment via what is stupidly called masochism in western psychologic terms actually is a form of the poetics of space which is all that poetry is about the space in which to continue to worship everything from abstract arts dildo to the sheer magical reality of a dustmote crossing the window of your hurtling planetary eye

And then among them sometimes falls a work of gibbering and unconscious genius right out of the hackpot like Saraband for a Bitch written by some pseudonymous or anyonomous or epipsychonomous Mickey Dikes of course which is neither French religious pornogra-

phic space nor English arrogant desperation for that space of worship but in fact is sheer American translated to epic turbine surreal proportions a little work of continual spending energy behind the hackneyed story of The Rat and his Two Dames there is this here drive drive this here wild almost dionysian frenzy for physicality if only to have done with it to go on to it to have done with it to go on a sort of explosion of rough and tumble inner genitalia with all the flags of the world hanging out of each leap

Night now approaching a Friday night in fact my birthday night thirty five years later here am I last street of the western world with nothing left but pure vision of the dirty drop of humility in your vowel because if I told you what I see on this ocean youd never believe me and if I didnt tell youd never believe me anyway because youre fat up there in history wherever you are east of me in the cities in rooms bigger than stone closets with words any old idiot can understand but inside the filthy synagogue ah theres the mystery theres the key to all bionic christ theres where your crack barrel zodiacs are stood on their ears for the thin faint stupidity of power that they signify instead of this chaos of scrambled eggs these nymppomaniacal lungs this Dykesville where I live nose up against the stony and lovely tora kiss kiss bang bang Pauline you darlin and set the tribes of Egypt free

Harvey Bialy **(3 poems & journal entry**

## HEARTH POEM

seistron

it is arched
& below the base
below the shaken things
a face is inscribed

for this part of the world
is circumscribed by the sphere of the moon
and all things in it are so moved

seisthai

two blocks to the east
the tracks
the trains run by
a slight shaking of the house

may we never have
cessation from impulse

dancing . she turns &
stares into
a line of
the blackest faces
she has ever
seen

they sit
arms folded
& do not yield

smiles that are not
smiles
shadows

of smiles

18 / August / 68: while Timotha was dancing last night a trio of immense women came into the club & sat down at a table directly in front of her. one of the women with a fat face & straight black wig sat staring at her cunt and making sucking sounds w/ her mouth. T. recognized this lady as a witch trying to capture her cunt energy & made a pentagram in front of herself w/ her hands formed into the Horns of Horus sign. the lady raised her eyes as if to say "do you think that will help?" the three finally left leaving Timotha shaking & exhausted, but whole.

## a sequence for Timotha

1)

this is to say that despite the smooth stick
yielding cushions & waiting holes
there is no thot of you
spread-eagle & naked on the green felt
& the 9 ball does not kiss your thighs
on its way cross-corner off the 4

2)

I' ve been playing pool for as many years as I' ve been writing poems
this is the first time they have joined
in honor of which I think to carve an elephant cow out of the ivory cue ball

3)

an unexpected but brilliant shot
tho' Crowley likens it to the magickal will
is really as my friend Harry might say
somethin' else

4)

when I come home after a good afternoon
or night
all grief is assauged
my head is filled with spinning disappearing colored balls
and the sharp clicks of well stroked shots

5)

playing over your head
& winning
the way certain poems happen
"you have your heaven", the tree said,
"go to it"

## Gerrit Lansing: TEST OF TRANSLATION IX: Nerval's HORUS

> For I am not without authority in my jeopardy,
> which I derive inevitably from the glory of the
> name of the Lord...
> For in my nature I quested for beauty, but God,
> God hath sent me to sea for pearls.
>
> --Christopher Smart, Jubilate Agno

Only now in the middle years of the 20th century has been revealed the authentic and refulgent splendor of mystery and passionate inscape of the life and work of Gérard de Nerval (1808-1855). Even in France it was not till the last twenty years that Gérard was generally recognized to be "undoubtedly one of the three or four greatest writers of the 19th century" (so Proust wrote of him in 1920). And in the English-speaking world there is still no large appreciation of his power and importance. (A handful of, mostly American, poets were turned on by wonder, the line from El Desdichado quoted in The Waste Land, "Le Prince d' Aquitaine à la tour abolie.")

One might expect Lytton Strachey, in his short but popular Landmarks in French Literature of 1912, to ignore Gérard completely. But to hear Professor Angel Flores, as late as 1958, in a biographical note in his Anthology of French Poetry from Nerval to Valery in English Translation describing Gérard as an "amiable eccentric... a poet of dream, of a reality just beyond the edges of experience, of the fusions of dream with reality, and of nostalgia"--makes puke.

It is not just the received nincompoopery, the collegiate cant, but the abnegation of attention, misprision of God, experience. Gérard as a man and poet experienced the reality that is text of the cosmos as fully as the degree of his individuation allowed. The furious purity of Les Chimères and his life so testifies.

(His suicide isn't argument aginst the truth of his Consummation into the Orient of Lights -- see Louis Massignon's essay "Of the Soaring of the Muslim Imagination, as far as within Christendom, apropos some Nervalian dreams and tales" (La Tour Saint-Jacques, nos. 13-14, Paris, 1958, pp. 55-59), where the eminent Islamic scholar compared the self-inflicted deaths of Gérard and of Dr. Paul Kraus, Massignon's friend and colleague, author of the definitive work in a

European language on the great Sufi alchemist Jābir ibn Nayyān. Gérard cut himself off from his breath supply when it became necessary. Hard. Fortunately few are called that way. Many chosen, though.)

Gérard: now just beginning to be read in totality as "instrument of use" (Olson on Melville), dator formarum, proleptic of our syncretic condition. And we can trust Nerval's flotation as we can't Melville's gloomy ongoing after Moby-Dick -- he didn't cut his intellect in "twain" like Mark or Herman, didn't give his soul to live in distinguished and divided worlds, but remained centered in the heat of the process, his eyes bent on the only target worth a man's Will, apotheosis.

It is not accident that, as with Blake and, again, Melville, it is only now, at this longitude of history, crossing time, Nerval's value has been fingered by the delicate burglars who know where is the stash. In truth, as Jean Richer writes in Nerval, Expérience et Création, Gérard "... est le héraut d'un monde encore à naître." The literal and lateral (coming at us from many sides and as of our world-moment, concomitant) herald.

* * * * * * *

HORUS (from Les Chimères)

Le dieu Kneph en tremblant ébranlait l'univers :
Isis, la mère, alors se leva sur sa couche,
Fit un geste de haine à son époux farouche,
Et l'ardeur d'autrefois brilla dans ses yeux verts.

"Le voyez-vous, dit-elle, il meurt, ce vieux pervers,
Tous les frimas du monde ont passé par sa bouche,
Attachez son pied tors, éteignez son oeil louche,
C'est le dieu des volcans et le roi des hivers!

"L'aigle a déja passé, l'esprit nouveau m'appelle,
J'ai revêtu pour lui la robe de Cybèle...
C'est l'enfant bien-aimé d'Hermès et d'Osiris!"

La déesse avait fui sur sa conque dorée,
La mer nous renvoyait son image adorée,
Et les cieux rayonnaient sous l'écharpe d'Iris.

Shape of the poem: a regular French sonnet, formal in its outward, divided into two end-stopped quatrains and two end-stopped tercets, 12-syllable lines riming strictly according to pattern. Gérard was not an experimenter with poetic shapes. But neither was he like Pope, a refiner or polisher of the given. The discretion of Gérard's language, his modulation of sound, is such that his technical mastery does not call attention to itself; it is easy to applaud Pope's lexical and syntactic brilliance. Nerval frequently opposes the last three lines of his sonnets to the first eleven, creating a distance effect, a shift to a cosmic placement, sometimes effected by a change of verb tense.

All of the sonnets of Les Chimères (there are only 12) are fiercely concentrated, rich in allusion, luminous, and "Horus" is no exception.

Barbara Howes translates it thru (in An Anthology of French Verse from Nerval to Valéry in English Translation, edited by Angel Flores, Doubleday Anchor Books, New York, 1958):

HORUS

The god Kneph, trembling, rocked the universe.
Isis, the mother, arose then from her couch,
Gestured in hatred at her savage spouse,
While an ancient ardor stirred in her green eyes.

"Look at him now," she cried, "the old pervert dies,
All the cold of the world has passed through his mouth;
Tie down his twisted foot, blind his squinty eye,
For he is the king of winter, volcano's god.

Already the eagle passes, a new spirit calls;
For him have I donned the garments of Cybele,
For this child, belovèd of Hermes and Osiris..."

So saying the goddess fled on her golden shell;
The sea brought back to us her divine likeness,
And the heavens streamed radiant from the scarf of Iris.

Not without merit as translation into English (especially by comparison to the Hill and Wagner versions to be considered later), but pallid, deficient in American voicing. Basically a ground rhythm of iambic pentameter with anapaestic substitutions. There is no good reason to translate "frimas" as "cold" (l. 6) in a version aiming to

be as literal as possible, since "frost" is closer in sound and sense. "For this child" (l. 11) is explicative padding. Rather flaccid, deficient in energy, this translation nevertheless catches some of the fluid movement of the original.

Follows a translation by Brian Hill, published in Fortune's Fool, thirty-five poems by Gérard de Nerval, Rupert Hart-Davis, London, 1959:

HORUS

Trembling, the god Kneph shook the universe. Then turned,
Rising up from her couch with a gesture of hate,
Isis, the mother...turned on her savage mate:
In her green eyes an ancient passion burned.

"You see him? at death's door, that old and evil thing?
All the frosts of the world have slid between his lips.
Bonds for his crooked foot! to his squinting eye eclipse!
The volcanoes' god he is, he is the winters' king!

"Now has the eagle flown, the new god calls to me.
For him have I assumed the rooes of Cybele...
Of Hermes and Osiris he is the most dear son."

The goddess vanished from sight upon her golden shell,
But the seas' glass mirrored her worshipped image still
And under the scarf of Iris the skies' expanses shone.

Both Howes and Hill translate "d'autrefois" (l. 4) by "ancient," possibly trying to jack up the energy-level feeling that "ancient" is more solemn-magical than "old" or "of the old days." The Howes version looks good when laid beside the Hill, with its inversions and circumlocutions, partly forced on him by his lunkhead resolve to approximate the rime pattern of the original. Vocabulary and syntax bear only the feeblest relation to the poem, and not even that to heard speech today. Line 7 is so absurd as nearly to be dear.

Geoffrey Wagner's translation (in Selected Writings of Gérard de Nerval, Grove Press, New York, 1957) is a serious attempt to conserve both the literal meaning of the sonnet and suggest its rime pattern (though no more than Hill is he able to carry only two rimes through the two quatrains as in the original):

## HORUS

Trembling, God Kneph shuddered the universe:
Then Isis, the mother, lying on her bed, arose,
Made a gesture of hatred at her savage spouse,
And the fire of old shone in her green eyes.

"Do you see him," she said, "he is dying the old
Pervert, all the frosts of the world have passed by
His mouth, tie up his crook foot, put out his squint eye,
He is lord of volcanoes and king of winter's cold!

Already the eagle has gone, the new spirit calls me,
I have put on for him the robe of Cybele...
He is the beloved infant of Hermes and Osiris!

On her gilded shell the goddess had gone,
The sea gave back the image of this adorable one,
And the heavens flamed under the scarf of Iris.

Wagner states in a prefatory note to the poetry selections in his anthology of Gérard that "...the English facing the French texts is meant simply to give a reasonably literal rendering, with something of Nerval's feeling, which will refer the reader to the original, and in which the personality of the translator intrudes as little as possible. The English translations are not intended to stand as poems in their own right. The intention of this whole volume, in fact is to divert the reader to, rather than from, Nerval's original writings."

These are laudable intentions, and Wagner's book is, in spite of its small compass, a very useful introduction to Nerval. But the fact stands that Wagner, as Robert Duncan has said, "lacks music," and his translations of the poems Gérard's unique rasa can hardly be savored. One might as well read Anthony Hartley's prose translations in The Penguin Book of French Verse (though the translation of Horus is open to question on at least two points).

Apart from Wagner's clumping lines, he does mistranslate and translate faultily in "Horus." "Par" in "passé par sa bouche" (l. 6), is mistranslated as "by," in order to rime with "eye," instead of as "through," Gérard's sense being "passed through his mouth" rather than "passed by his mouth." Again, "the image of this adorable one" isn't equivalent to "image adorée" (l. 13), and to translate "rayonnaient" (l. 14) as "flamed" is unjustifiable in a translation aiming at "a reasonably literal rendering."

Questioning mistranslation would be irrelevant in dealing with

Andrew Hoyem's versions of Nerval, published as Chimeras, (Dave Haselwood Books, San Francisco, 1966), since they are avowedly, as stated in the subtitle "Transformations of Les Chimères..." (sic). This is what happens to "Horus":

HORUS

Mother Isis got herself up from the bed, going after her
savage mate with a vengeance and green fires in her
eyes.
God Kneph trembled; the universe shuddered.

She said, "The old pervert is dying.
He was lord of volcanoes and king of winter.
Molten coals from the center of the earth were his brains.
Annually, all this world's cold passed through his mouth.
Bind his crook foot; blind his cross eye!

"The Eagle has flown away; a new ghost waves to me.
He is the beloved son of Osiris and Hermes.
I put on Cybele's robes for him."

The goddess was transported to delirious heights by her
illustrious action and swift decision.
She fled heavenward in a golden shell.
The sea reflected her adored image in all eyes for our
benefit.
She trailed the scarf of iris.
At last she appeared to vanish.
The path to her exit remains in our memory to remind us
of every color of the rainbow at once.

Robert Duncan noted that "The form of the homage has been well established in this century" (with reference to Robin Blaser's translations of Les Chimères, to be looked at later), citing Pound, Stravinsky, and Picasso as artists who had made works "which are translations, not into a common language, but into the uncommon language of a highly personal signature." ("Returning to Les Chimères of Gérard de Nerval," "audit/poetry" vol. IV, no. 3, Buffalo, New York, 1967). But it is difficult to look upon Hoyem's "transformation" as homage at all. There is no hint of Gérard's music or his mastery of syntactic-fire. The transpositions of lines from the "original" have no purpose in the making of a new poem. They are without personal

ponderability, are not Hoyem's own. Additions such as "Molten coals from the center of the earth were his brains" and "The goddess was transported to delirious heights by her illustrious action and swift decision," are not only incongruous but bathetic and trivial. (Some of Hoyem's other "transformations" of Les Chimères come off much better as his own voice turning Nerval's matter: "Delfica" for example.)

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INTERMEZZO

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An example of bending another poet's material into a new shape of poem is illustrated by Robert Kelly's use of "Horus" in his poem Axon Dendron Tree (Salitter Books, c/o Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, 1967). This consideration is not a part of the Test of Translation, nor will any critical evaluation of Kelly's poem be made, but it is instructive to follow the fortune of Gérard's lines as they are put to new use in the fabric of a long poem. In Axon Dendron Tree the stanzas of each section diminish progressively from eight lines ("the eights") to one. Kelly in a prefatory note to the poem writes "Gérard (in the sixes) is Nerval. Some lines of his are freely englished later in the poem, and one of his personae is made to say more than he allowed her."

Groping "behind the words" of Gérard's first line, "Le dieu Kneph en tremblant ébranlait l'univers," Kelly uncovers a divine cock coming the universe. He connects the ancient Egyptian myth of God's creation of the universe by masturbation to what he assumes a French reader would hear behind "ébranlait," the argot "se branler" (in spite of the vowel change of "e" in "se" and "ébranlait")=to "jerk off":

Papa Legba
you are old
thunder,
Gérard's
Kneph
s'ébranlant

behind the words,
all old
gods
gods of the hand
creation

ex nihilo

but fingers twining
implicit air
(spirit) or
fisted thunder,
wave tips
rain storm,

imber,
Papa Legba
fire
spurting cock,
come-fire,
five

against one,
Ptah' s
adytum
of the articulate
hand,
glory

hand of guilt
of all
too good to be
thieves...

Later in the poem, in the "fives" section, Kelly identifies the Egyptian creator-god Kneph (Chnumis, Ptah, Atum, etc.) with Agamemnon slain in his bath, after an act witnessed by Clytemnestra-Isis:

...
...
"See him?"
she said
"he' s dying,

dirty old
man all the
hoarfrosts"
winters
of the world

"poured
thru his mouth"
this king
of frozen time,
& the green

eyed one
rose from her couch
& murdered
oriental
Agamemnon

...

Apart from any judgment of the poetry, there is no doubt that Kelly has accomplished a personal transformation of his material, just as Nerval himself nearly always utilized literary sources in begetting wholly original work. In Axon Dendron Tree Nerval's lines and the "persona" of Isis are successfully integrated into the texture of the long poem, which professes by a loose associational logic quite different from Gérard's characteristic condensation process in the ambix of his own poetry.

*****

To return to translations of "Horus." Robert Duncan's translation, first published in the magazine "Audit" (Vol. IV, No. 3, Buffalo, New York, 1967) was included in his book Bending the Bow (New Directions, New York, 1968) in a slightly revised version. I quote the latter:

HORUS

The god Kneph in his trembling shook the universe:
Isis, the mother, then rose on her child-bed,
Made a gesture of hatred toward her savage mate,
And the ardor of the old days shone in her green eyes.

"Look at him, she said: "he dies, the old pervert!
All the frosts of the world have passt thru his mouth.
Bind his crookt foot, put out his crosst eye,
He is the god of volcanoes and the king of winters!

itself time and again in time, Isis reclothes herself.

Duncan scrupulously keeps Gèrard' s ordonnance and syntax, except of course when the adjective follows the noun in French as normally as it precedes the noun in English. Where its placement is significant, however, as in line 11, he is careful to observe the difference. "...l' enfant bien-aimè d' Hermès et d' Osiris!" is not "the beloved infant of Hermes and Osiris!" as Wagner incredibly mistranslates the line. (In beginning French you are often warned in the first lessons not automatically to translate "enfant" by "infant.") Horus is not the "infant" of the two male gods Hermes and Osiris (or their "beloved son" as Hoyem makes him) but "...the child beloved of Hermes and Osiris!" It is astonishing that of the translators only Howes, Duncan and Blaser retain the French word-order to translate "enfant bien-aimè" in a manner that makes clear English sense. (It is evident from a note appended to the poem that Hoyem knows Horus was child of Isis and Osiris. Hill emphasizes his mistranslation by combining it with a contorted syntax: "Of Hermes and Osiris he is the most dear son.")

Robin Blaser states in a note to his translation of Nerval (LES CHIMERES, open space, san francisco, 1965) that he "wanted to give translations, not versions," but that his prime wish is "here to present poems, a first concern." His "Horus", like Hoyem' s, makes no attempt to follow the conventional sonnet pattern:

HORUS

the god Kneph' s trembling
shook the universe:
then, the mother rose up
on her bed, Isis,
moved with hatred
toward her savage husband,
and the old fire
burned in her green eyes

she spoke ' Look at him,
this volcanic god and king
of winter is dying,
this old corruption'
she ordered his crooked feet bound
and his crossed-eyes put out
she said ' All the world' s cold
passed through his mouth'

she said ' Just now

the eagle flew by  the new
ghost calls me
I put on the robe of Cybele
for him,  the son
loved by Hermes and Osiris'

the goddess fled
in a golden shell
the sea reflected
her image,
the sky shone
under the scarf of Iris

But if Blaser has eschewed Gérard' s sonnet shape he has clearly followed the musical movement of the poem. He has kept to the original divisions of the poem, charting its structure, but he has doubled the number of lines in each, thereby shortening by one-half at least the length of each line. This results in a concentration of energy and an intensity that obtains in the original, though there obtained by quite other means. In Blaser' s English, the breath-pauses cause a greater n number of words to be accentuated and lingered over than in other translations. It is a savage contemporary language we hear. What Duncan wrote of Blaser' s translation of " El Desdichado" also applies to his " Horus," that "although Blaser has departed from the measures of Nerval' s poem, the basic form of sequences of incantatory words in reiterated lines, his own feeling in his broken phrasings is so insistent that the intensity of a heart-beat gathers."

It is obvious that Blaser is more concerned with the musical force and numinosity of the original than with the meaning of an individual word insofar as it can be abstracted from the poem, whereas Duncan wishes to carry over from French to English a lexically discrete meaning as purely as possible. He has objected, on etymological grounds, to Blaser' s consistent translation of "esprit" or "âme" in Les Chimères by "ghost." But in "Horus" Blaser' s use of "ghost" (and the Holy Ghost is the Holy Spirit) in juxtaposition with "new" reactivates an old awareness buried beneath the floor of speech, and induces that sensation of the numinous which is absent from the rendering "new spirit," and which is one of the signatures of all the poems in Les Chimères.

In a preface to his new translation of The Original Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayaam made with the assistance of Omar Ali-Shah, Robert Graves heaps scorn on Edward Fitzgerald for his many mistranslations and reworkings of the Persian, correctly insisting that Omar was an initiate in a mystical order, and that Fitzgerald misunderstood him.

Probably of these two versions of an Omar Khayaam quatrain Graves keeps more closely to the Persian words of his manuscript:

Fitzgerald' s Omar:

> They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
> And Bahram, that great Hunter -- the Wild Ass
> Stamps o' er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

Graves' s Omar:

> A Palace gorged in by gigantic Bahram --
> The vixen whelps there and the lion nods.
> Bahram, who hunted none but onagers,
> Lies tumbled in a pitfall called the grave.

But Fitzgerald' s version is memorable as a mantra or nursery rime, a magical web of sound and meaning, capable of elevating the spirit, awakening the ghost, evoking the bright mystery of Sufic illumination. Whereas Graves' s lines come off as a dreary moralism neither music nor plain speech.

Of course Robert Duncan is an incomparably better poet than Robert Graves, and is aware that "In translating Nerval -- where the hypnotic spell of his verse, ' modulant tour à tour sur la lyre d' Orphée, is an essential factor in his magic -- sound and cadence are significant in the meaning of the whole." Gérard is a poet whose crowning work is various and rich and complex enough to warrant a number of translators lighting up from him. Unlike Baudelaire, he is a poet of more than literary importance for the new learning, and we are fortunate that two translations so good in different ways as Duncan' s and Blaser' s already exist. Almost as badly needed now as translation of the prose Fragmente of Novalis are translations of the major prose works of Nerval, including a new translation of his masterpiece Aurelia.

Like Suhrawardi, Gérard divined all transformative knowledge begins in that east no atlas can situate, and as Lord Peregrinus he rode slowly toward the reddest dawn. He had been to the bottom of the sea.

Robert Duncan:

TEXT from The Chimeras of Gérard de Nerval to follow page 91 in the first edition of BENDING THE BOW (New Directions, 1968).

/ WHAT HAPPENED. In February of this year, Paul Mariah, who is working on a definitive bibliography with textual variants noted, called my attention to the fact that a page is missing from BENDING THE BOW. Following page 91, three stanzas of part IV and all of part V of "The Christ in the Olive Grove" sequence from The Chimeras of Gérard de Nerval have been dropped, and the closing poem of the set from Nerval, "Golden Lines" appears as page 92. With the aid of xerox copies of material from the collection in the Rare Book Department of Washington University Library at St. Louis, kindly furnished by William Matheson, Chief Librarian, I have arrived at the following picture:

After passing through galley proofs and page proofs on galley stock, the book was printed on special glossy stock for photolithographic reproduction in the East, and this final printing was checked by the author for the placement of the figures in "The Collage", Spelling", and "Benefice" (from drawings by Jess), which were entered in the text only at this final stage. As the galley proofs and first page proofs (now in the Washington University collection) show, the text of the book was complete and intact at this point. It did not occur to me that the printer could have "lost" a page or have altered the numbering of the pages and the contents.

Mr. Matheson notes: "The text of the poem is o.k. through the cheap page proof. The paging of this cheap page proof was revised in someone's hand and the table of contents correspondingly changed."

In the final copy sent to New Directions the printer Graham McIntosh dropped what should have been page 92 and numbered to cover the error. In the second copy of this final printing, he dropped page 91, numbering what should have been page 92 in its place to cover. Copy A (New Directions)' missing page may have been "lost" and shuffled into Copy B--but the question still remains that McIntosh printed page numbers to obscure what had happened. /

REVISIONS. Christ's "Je suis souffrant, ami! sur la terre couché..." gave me trouble. In the version in Audit I had "my bed made on the ground", awkward enuf. Blaser in his version had had "I have a sickness / here on the world". Anthony Hartley in The Penguin Book of French Verse has "I am sick, friend! lying on the ground." That "sur la terre couché" got me. In the text for BENDING THE BOW I had "bedded down on the ground"; but now, preparing the text for the second edition, I took another look at coucher and found (in Harrap's) "La pluie a couché les blés", the rain has beaten down the corn. At last! the phrase so rendered, the Christ-grain beaten to the ground cries out "You know what I'm worth, hasten and sell me." The Spirit of the Corn and the Wild brought the passage into focus.

The word "limon", which I translate "clay", for I want to keep the idiom of "the common clay" alive in it, Blaser in his version translated "slime". In general, as I pointed out in Audit, Blaser is disdainful of Nerval's particulars, but here, he may very well have meant to be exacting; for "slime", not "clay", is the term that appears in English alchemy for the mineral semen out of which the Adam were created.

page to follow 91 in BENDING THE BOW

" You know how they value me, "
"Judas! he cried to him: "~~Thou knowest~~ how they value me,
Make haste
~~Haste thou~~ and sell me, and finish this haggling:
beaten to the ground.
I am suffering, friend! ~~bedded down on the ground~~.
you have
Come! O ~~thou~~ who, at least, ~~hast~~ the strength of crime!"

But Judas went his way, discontent and brooding,
Finding himself badly paid, full of a remorse so alive
That he read his black deeds written on every wall...

At last, Pilate alone, who kept vigil for Caesar,
feeling some pity, turnd by chance:
"Go look for this madman!" he commanded his satellites.

V

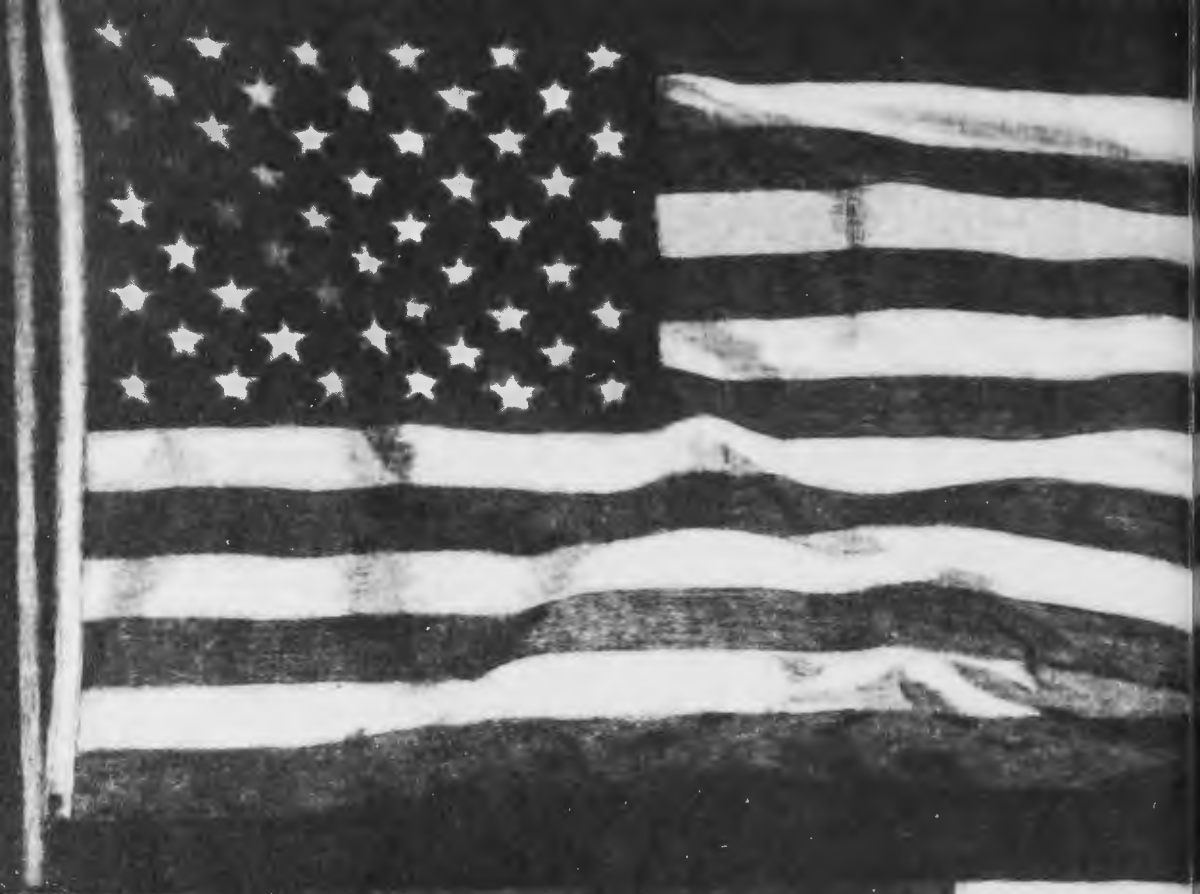
It was him alright, this madman, this sublime insensate ~~one~~...
This forgotten Icarus climbing the skies again,
This Phaethon destroyd under the divine thunderbolt,
This beautiful murderd Atys whom Kybele reanimates!

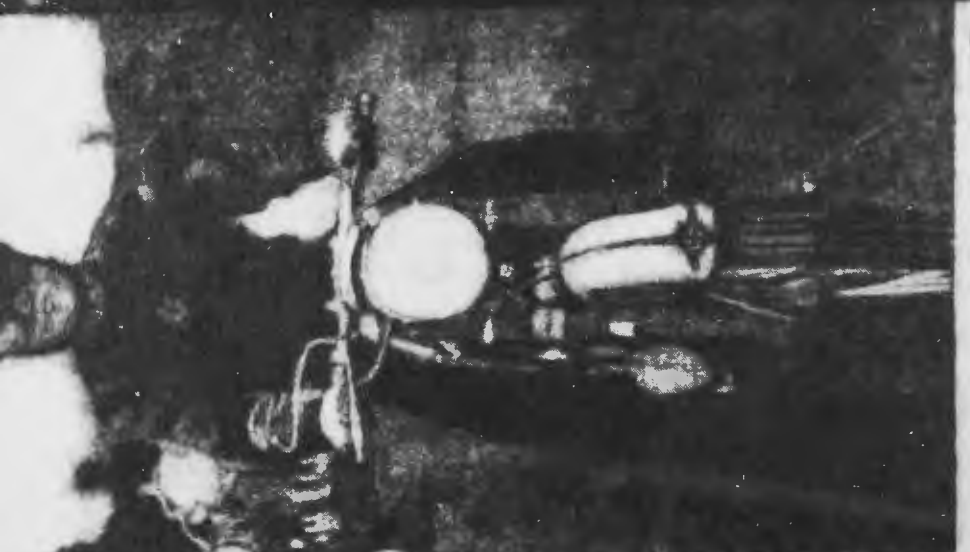
The augur examined the side of the victim,
The earth became drunk with that precious blood...
The stunnd universe reeld upon its axles,
And Olympus for an instant staggerd towards the abyss.

"Answer!" cried Caesar to Jupiter Ammon:
"Who is this new god that is imposed on the earth?
And if this be not a god, it is at least a daemon..."

But the oracle invoked had to be forever silent;
One alone could explain this mystery to the world:
--He who gave soul to the children of the clay.

March 1969





"God
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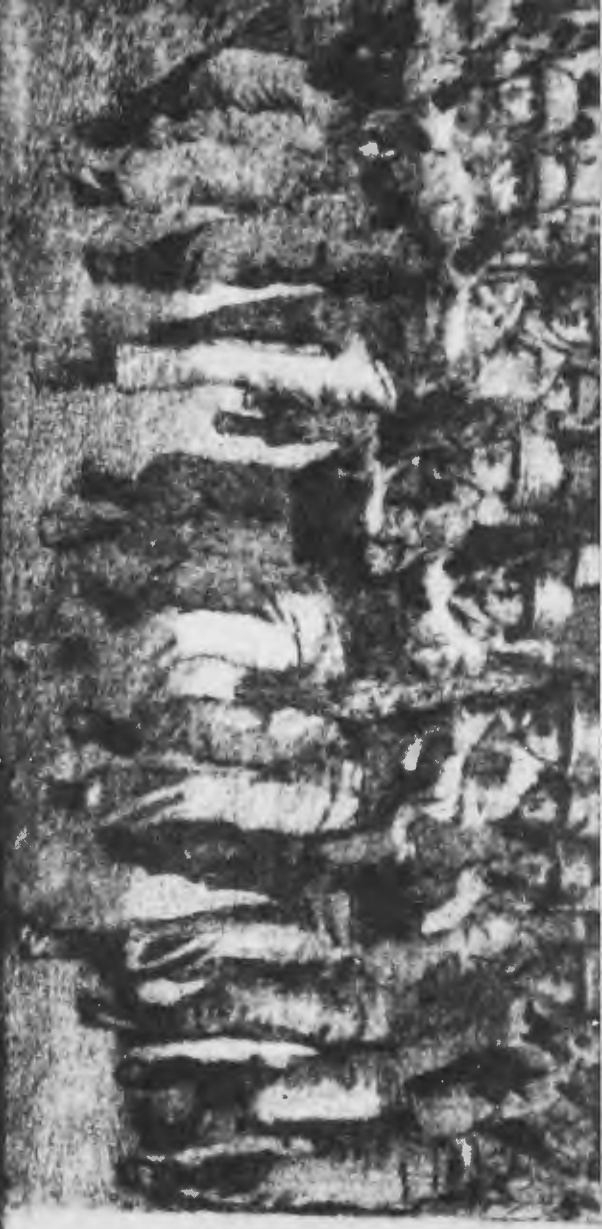
Japanese women rarely get
breast cancer.



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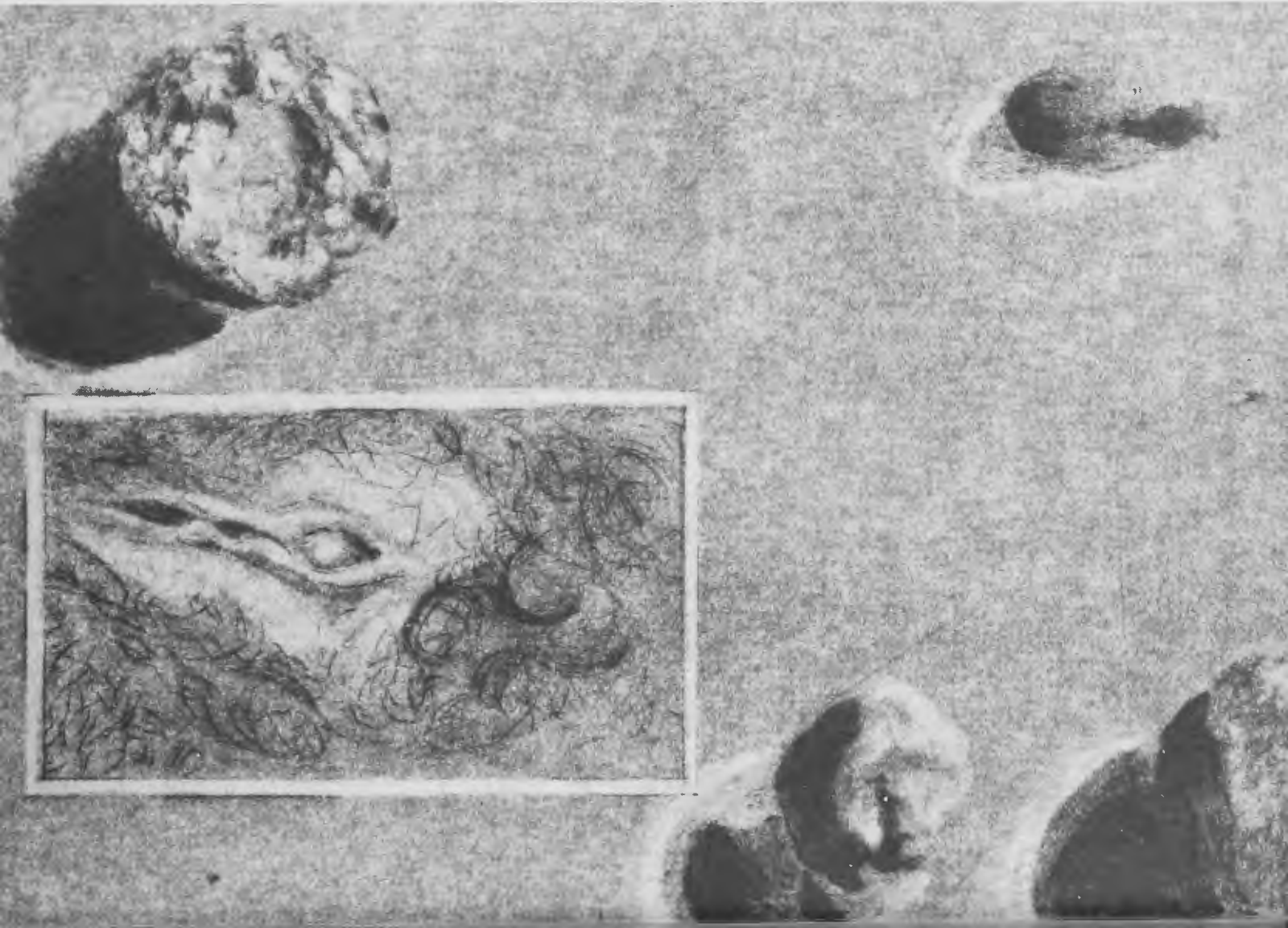
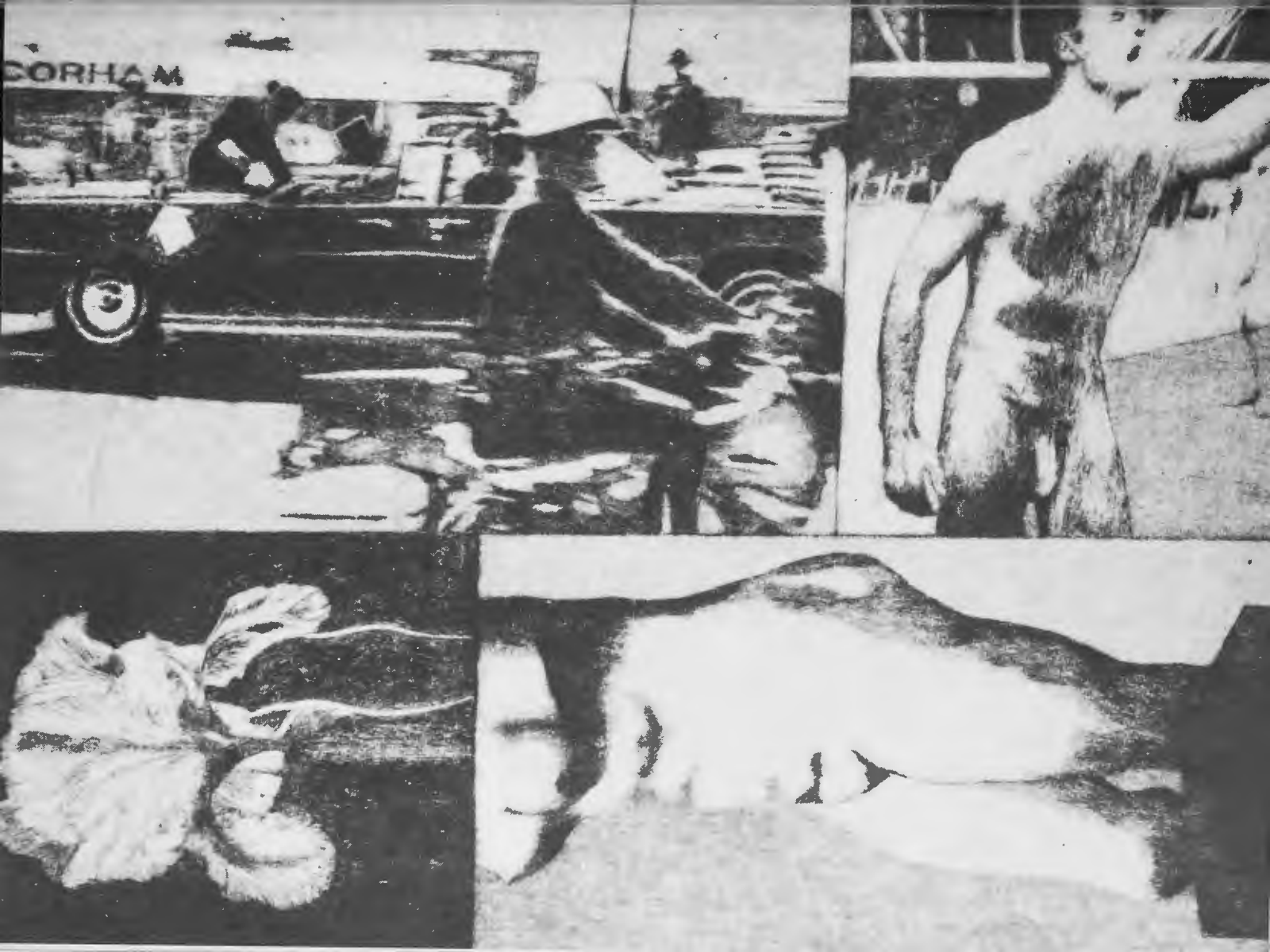


As history
to them
Fig. 52.
Artist &

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIF


CORHAM

Gerrit Lansing

## AN INLET OF REALITY, OR SOUL

(in this Age, or any

> "With respect to plants as animals, we are wrong in speaking as if the object of life were only the bequeathing of itself. The flower is the end and proper object of the seeds, not the seed of the flower."
>
> --John Ruskin, The Queen of the Air

When in Rome do as the Greeks,
show it hard,
let intellect be rampant in the flagrant colors of the indomitably so,
no compromise no blame.
Take happiness in touch that bursts in light,
konx om pax,
as the sun yacht shoots through the Gate of the Tongue
(Tharmas happy in his element).
Sweetness savors itself in balling rondures,
delectation of the Gods come true,
truly come in the core of time,
old nick of it, new aeon, lion form in the wood where virgin lay.

When then love takes you in hand you don't languish in the clover
but make song:

> o flowering stick
> smoke wreath of peacefulness
> discovery of happy self in other's grace
> good limpid star golden bird
> girl leaning from a window when the last light shakes out in the West.

This and this we say and do
and so we fix each other up and this is how transcendence is.

Clayton Eshleman (8 pieces

## WATCHTOWERS

Often see sea in loft floor
blue painted splintery
dusty lamp searching
stopped sweeping
what do you want?
older grows more intimate,
colder,
in each molecule a violation
from some former life?
no way to make this life
more lawful,
be glad.
"Do the best you can"
and
"What brought you here/
will take you hence"

## THE TAILOR SHOP

Three Gs
the carat
gold?
G G G
G & G & G
the infinite sensed
in hard Sicilian face
woman sewing
Penelope
Persephone

out the shrouds of hell
P & P & P
Virgo by her corn
V & V & V
hill motion of her hand
sleeping form
form we never see
guessers from
her undulation
her motion a sleeping
body,
looks like a row
of hills,
from wch Persephone walks
Penelope undoing
Persephone
Penelope
one motion
hard Sicilian face,
the Selfhood
constantly building constantly being
Against Wisdom as Such
she takes
threadend between her teeth
my mother bites it off
umbilicus
rhythm
white fatty cord
a cord of wood
stacked
at the rear of the garage,
winter fire
albino
the snow black to a crow
sustinence
she sews for us
fucking a kind of sewing
bodies make a fist
a sculpture
similiar to
Chac Mool
human heart placed
in hard Sicilian face
in sacrifice

to
keep the
rhythm going
Persephone
Penelope
one act
we walk out of hell
begins a new undoing
Virgo by her corn
tripod
  by wch we look
are world,
winds gather
44 million at once
eye of God in rusty
oil drum rim,
        now what can
you make of that is
pull of, needle
skipping, as blood
my breath courses
hear
my body' s rhythm,
alchemy of verse
   that heart / mind
beat be, in its
undoing, heard
walking out of

hell standing

by my corn, I walked in
3 G tailor
world winds
gathered, heard
Montovani
theme from High & Mighty
a hole appeared
hard Sicilian face
hearth, she
warmed me
   couldve held my
hands a foot from her
felt the heat in winter

Chac Mool
imbedded
sacrifice
in winter
make a scratch on pane
satisfy these powers,
on striking-area of my shield
I carve non-human face
satisfy
sacrifice
Penelope
Persephone
Virgo
P & P & V
gathered, pulled be
worn

## THE RED MANTLE

(an essay

Man comes
out of ritual --
strength --
we long to
return to
its clear
delineation
but in ritual
in "the repeated"
is the origin
of rules.
Thus
Japan --
or what
we know as
formal
(ritual)

as opposed
to our own
newfoundland
man's in-
telligence
making decisions
at all points --
mind
as opposed
to things
of block --
ritual.
Ritual is blocks.
man
guided thru
Viking passage-
way
of huge stones.
Blocks.
run by.
Forming the
maze.
Thus the
strength
of the past --
thus
the block of
the past.

Why get angry?

You may be right.

THE SHELF

Talking with Robert Kelly I said in Reich I had found a base, that I now knew where I stood and could, less hindered than before, begin to now work with greater energy, with a more peaceful energy. Kelly rejected "base"; he said, it is to never have a base, for poetry is always without base. I thought he misunderstood me, for I did not mean "security" or "reason for". Tho his objection troubled me, and it has not been until tonight, unable to sleep and then sensing image with which to work my unexpired energy, that I found a larger grounds for our talk. Again I thought of Reich and how in following out his theory by engaging in therapy (the only way I know how to read him) which in itself brings me back to his writing renewed, my body and my attitude toward it has began to thaw, how in taking pleasure as I must have as a very small child in breathing and fondling myself I have gained a bit more light in my eyes and have seen more in others'. I have seen more of others, at others: I have become more alive. As I lay in bed the passage Louis Zukofsky uses of Midsummer's Night's Dream to open his study on Shakespeare, in connection with Kelly, came suddenly to mind:

"It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom..."

What actually has been happening to me is that a base, or a shelf as I would prefer to call it, has been dropping away; the universe is less and less without that particular restriction; it is more as one sees everywhere. I would say that such shelf was not only "coming off of it" but a thing that constantly interjected itself between others and myself, visible part of my own iceberg, my congealedness in the universe. Perhaps it did give warning and in that sense saved both parties from more grief. I can best explain it by saying, at this point, that it is as if walking down Greenwich Avenue suddenly a shelf would block view of that building, of a show window, say an item, such as a man's supporter in that window. Or in the back seat of a cab in Lima, Peru, next to a woman a shelf would interpose and I could no loner see her. I do not mean to say the shelf was necessarily phallic, but rather as if I were on it, an old thing, undusted, looking from my helplessness at her, busy in her being. The shelf runs through one and seems to form a cross at a certain point; too, it is something one carries as a surf-board, or groceries in one's arms, too heavy to regard the street as one hurries forward.

I do not mean to say I have

cast off the negative burden of existence; rather, it might be more accurate to say I have begun to experience my endurance. I may not feel the full impact of this shift for many years. And that is what I wanted to say tonight: the land has opened, cracked, as if to make me visible.

18 January 1967

two tiny cockroaches out across the chopping-block

they are coming out to bury their dead

FANG OF EDEN

Your presence gentle
lioness,

my other,
I love in darkness
splendor,

who will never BE my other,
suffering udder,
underpart of my own

flesh glimpsed thee mad
today eater of thine own children
O Soutine madwoman

bereft of T, hair torn
grief of woman

men dragon drifting
waters of world & selfhood
she gaping mouth

toothless alkaloid among her
brass bowl with single
skinny avocado

turquoise curtain white
ceiling pipe this is all
she has she is all

Achilles her radiator like jig
jaw piece held up heel
whose face cannot be

seen in this terrible Kechuan
forcast tall
black rocker with

purple seat

bone

in rattan of darkness whose
face cannot be seen

is madness, unable to
out her love desire no
face strobes

her wet marshino tent
I embrace thee
sallow spectre

out in tinny
unlovedness of our

objects
her objects her glassy
jagged want-cock in-

terior tension
apples, rot
cider

press out(with her)press
in head to, shoulder
back arm around shaking

friend

come back love her T
come back love her T
man come back

fuck woman syntax her
in your lines, your lines
insemenate her ripple

shrift zaggenhoister O T
lost cat come home
O T come home T

incorporate us
thy business

is to create not
to reason / compare O bash
down thy spectre

goose O T bash down thy
capon thy stove tear up
ties walk thru thy

wallstoreacher, wallstoreach
her iron Achilles curb,
thy madness

IS MEDEA

ode to be chanted in

all menless house to bring back
man

himself rocker salzanostergas-
ten maybe insigluoostin

bluebird

cake ice fried chicken
raw goody capon

O ex-
orcise thy demons T,
the only mind is
man woman
day is the only

didactic lay her glass
pitcher filled
with leaves

chair
jigsaw
peacock by

flame as she
living person
scooped

by the monk-terrible dark
peacock huddled
against hunter

hunter huddled against
needle of his sight
fang of Eden

fang of Achilles
your heel ivy running
Indianapolis

broken bedroom
broken liferoom
kisses your

Tenochititlan as you lift
outherheart
Queen.

## SENSING DUNCAN V

"'This soldier' s union with a feeble-
minded girl"
curiousity of false Eden
without a song
Xmas tree twinkle Trenton
NJ pastel walls clear winter

backyard cardinal Eden-glint in his wing
at feeder the family
gathered about.
her family I am brought sleeping
thru NJ to, as a womb
cold Dec. day
Eden is in no one place, seems
most light glints thru shuttle of darkness
"O how lovely" at sight of her present,
her presence, at sight of
herself-----
that she shd open herself
find a cardinal
"this soldier' s union with
a feeble-minded girl" generation
of Kalikaks, from "Old Horror"

Eden interswum with wrath
most not a steady false song -- patina,
or patina only as grain
comes thru polished by water
polished by water
her face shows
thru the bank of day
even thru the radio the genes
pick up Krakatoa' s roar.

David Antin

## THE BLACK PLAGUE : PART V

### ACID

for Timothy Leary

Mr. X. was a merchant born in Vienna. He was highly educated, master of German, Spanish, French, Greek and Latin. Up to a year before, he read Homer at sight, Virgil and Horace were familiar; and he knew enough modern Greek for business purposes. Up to this time he enjoyed an exceptional visual memory. No sooner did he think of persons or things than features, forms and colors arose with the same clarity as if the objects themselves stood before him. When he tried to recall a fact or figure from his voluminous correspondence, the letters themselves appeared before him with their entire content, irregularities, erasures and all. In making computations he ran his eye down imaginary columns of figures and performed in this manner the most varied operations of arithmetic. He could never think of a passage from a play without the entire scene -- actors, stage and audience -- appearing before him. He

With much practice I have succeeded in making it possible for me to call up subjective visual sensations at will. I tried all my experiments by day or at night with closed eyes. At first it was very difficult.

In my first experiments the whole picture was luminous and the shadows were depicted in a somewhat weaker bluish light. In later experiments I saw the objects dark with bright outlines, or rather I saw outline drawings of them, bright on a dark ground. I can compare these drawings less to chalk drawings on a blackboard than to drawings made with phosphorus on a dark wall at night, though the phosphorus would show luminous vapors which were absent from my lines.

If I wished to see a face without intending that of a particular person I saw the outline of a profile against a dark background.

had been a great traveller. Being a good draftsman, he used to sketch views which pleased him, and his memory always brought back the entire landscape exactly. If he thought of a conversation, a saying, an engagement, the place, the people, the entire scene rose before his mind. His auditory memory had always been deficient. A year and a half ago an extraordinary change came over him. After complete confusion there came a violent change between his old and new self. Everything about him seemed new and foreign. Although he saw all things distinctly and clearly he had entirely lost his memory for forms and colors. When he realized this he became reassured as to his sanity, and he soon discovered that he could carry on his affairs by using his memory in an entirely different way. He can now describe clearly the difference between his old and new states. Every time he returns to A., from which place business oftens calls him, he seems to himself to be entering a strange city. He views the monuments, houses and streets with the same surprise as if he were seeing them for the first time. Gradually, however, his memory returns and he finds himself at home again. When asked to describe the principal

I saw the edges of a die as bright lines on a dark ground.

Sometimes however I saw the die white and its edges black. It was then on a paler ground.

Soon I could change at will between the white die with black borders on a light field and a black die with white borders on a dark field. And I can do this at any moment now.

After long practice these experiments succeeded better still. I can now call before my eyes any object which I please in its own natural color or illumination.

I see them almost always on a more or less light or dark, mostly dimly changeable ground. Even known faces I can see quite sharp with the true color of hair and cheeks. It is odd that I see these faces mostly in profile.

public place of the town he answered, "I know that it is there, but it is impossible for me to imagine it and I can tell you nothing about it." He has often drawn the port of A. Today he vainly tries to trace its principal outlines. Asked to draw a minaret, he reflects, says it is a square tower, and draws rudely four lines, one for ground, one for top and two for sides. Asked to draw an arcade he says, "I remember that it contains semi-circular arches and that two of them meeting at an angle form a vault, but how it looks I am absolutely unable to imagine." The profile of a man that he drew on request was as if drawn by a child; and yet he confessed that he had been helped to draw it by looking at the bystanders. Similarly he drew a shapeless scribble for a tree. He can no more remember his wife's and children's faces than he can remember the town of A. Even after being with them for some time they seem unusual to him. He forgets his own face and once spoke to his image in the mirror, taking it for a stranger. "My wife has black hair, I know, but I can no more remember its color than I can her person and features." Now when he looks for something in his correspondence he must rummage among the letters like

Most of these images, especially when they were bright, left after-images behind when I opened my eyes quickly during their presence. For example, I thought of a stirrup and after looking at it for a while I opened my eyes and long afterward saw its after-image.

I have sometimes succeeded in seeing pure colors without objects. They fill the entire field of my vision.

I often fail to see objects that are not known to me.

Instead familiar objects of a similar sort appear

Sometimes after the pictures have arisen they vanish or change into others.

I once tried to see a brass sword hilt with a brass guard, instead of which a rapier guard appeared.

When the color does not belong integrally to the object I cannot always control it.

A face never seems blue to me.

other men till he finds the passage. Figures which he adds he must now whisper to himself. The words and expressions that he recalls now seem to echo in his ear, an altogether novel sensation for him. If he wishes to learn anything by heart he must repeat it several times aloud to impress it upon his ear. When later he repeats the thing in question the sensation of inward hearing precedes articulation. This feeling was formerly unknown to him. He speaks French fluently but affirms he can no longer think in French; he must get his French words by translating them from Spanish or German, the languages of his childhood. He dreams no more in visual terms, only in words, usually Spanish words. He is troubled by the Greek alphabet.

I can sometimes change a red cloth to a blue one.

These experiments succeeded best when I lay quietly on my back with closed eyes. I could bear no noise about me as this kept my vision from attaining the requisite intensity. The experiments succeed with me now so easily that I am surprised they did not do so at first, and I feel they ought to succeed with everyone. The important point is to get the image sufficiently intense by the exclusive direction of the attention upon it and by the removal of all other disturbing impressions.

Lynne Banker

i have a hairy eye that sits
beside itself
it is beside itself
he, he the unbending is yet to come

i want water they said over
and over and over
and i felt so filled up
i
was going my own way
drifting further south, losing my way

you can't come back, they said.
not this time, but perhaps another
time
always the temptation
the stretched out tenuousness of
the
situation
anyone's situation?
(not necessarily so)

calling out to the next bed
i tried on an identity
i'm your neighbor i said
feeling dead, but still perky
my chin in the air

and now, let's face it,
i wasn't there at all
but upstairs on a different street
& no wonder she didn't recognize
me

i'm going right now and get water
for everyone --
just try and stop me
and i have a subway token!
(in my other shoe)

the one here from yesterday
was a mistake

do you have a kotex by any chance?

no, that wasn't the question,
the blood running down spoke for
itself, it does run down you know,
not up as you would suppose
as any neat person would suppose --
but truly, there wasn't even a
kotex in that place and it was
getting on my
nerves

i dont know what to do next!
she doesn't recognize me and the token's
in the other shoe

a telephone call perhaps, but you
know the situation here as well as i do,
i'll put it off to snack time, communication
isn't my only resource, you know.
stop saying that all the time --
i tried to look the part, tried hard
to recall the other shoe.
i was a size 10 dress, 32 bra (developed a bit
since then) & #5 pantie.

but where were they?
there must be so meone somewhere to
recognize me.

my father? no (shaking my head)
mother's done him in.

but now they're bringing juice and it's
got something in it....

play it safe, my dear, you never know
the exact
moment
they'll bring him
back

(a pity i won' t be here)
pity the pretty girl, she won' t be here,
of all things. she' s only half here!
give that girl the juice...comb her hair,
knot it, strangle her, she has blood on her
legs! (deeply suspicious here)

but as i was saying, i was on this
trip -- not your usual high you know -- the
circumstances were very circumscribed,
a special case --

it was all a question of a size 10 dress
and the shoe from a different day

(the sweater had black marks across it)
the handprints were still on the wall

another approach perhaps
any approach -- it' s high time
time' s a passin -- the water' s there and i' m
getting everyone a drink --

watch out! i' m getting everyone
a drink

lady, your behind is showing...
oh, my goodness, thank you so much,
i never even guessed (knowing all the
time of course, & never caring for a
minute -- now now, you know i cared! to
have one' s behind show & not care!)

my feet were such a mess,
what could i do about it
i was doing what i could -- i' d bite her
finger off next time, imagine giving me
too much food at one time when half the
world' s starving --

i' ve said this before, i know,
but, the fact of the matter is,
he really did say i smelled sweet & clean to
him

but that was much later, after this part,
& you know, later --

where is my mother (this said very slowly)?
she will be the death of me yet (slowly as above and
matter of factly)
and father, she sends me news of father.
he's perky she says. always perky. loved
his strawberry icecream today.
thank you for the news. it's so nice to have the
news. thank you.

now about that contact, hey you down there,
do you have the time? the time of day? it
doesn't matter. nighttime will do just as well --
(i was clever, determined to be agreeable at all costs)
the contact was the thing. you say the medium is the
message. i tell you, the contact is the thing, &
i am a body on a plane over-
looking a space
& i want to contact you down there (real anger
here, and of course frustration too)

and tomorrow, i'm telling them i've had it
with this place
i don't like it when you cant have a
drink of water when you want it, just water of course,
of course, and i was getting further and
further
south
and there wasn't even a kotex on the
horizon
and no one recognized me
& i was just hovering there indefinitely,
all the good hotels being filled
and nothing better to do

and when things calmed down i was going to write
a letter to
my father.

Christine La Belle (3 poems

A grasshopper,
straw-legged
and half dead
clings hesitant

to the edge of the paper cup

that has held him prisoner

for the past
three days.

Going back in-to the house

I am tempted
to close the door
in spite
of the heat.

*

Is it because
I have seen him
pause
to question the dying
of one
well loved
sea wind
or that
I have known him
to come
half-awakened
from the singleness

of a dream
to say, "yes,
the wild flowers
are yours
to keep
if you want them,"
that now I find it difficult
to reach
any farther
than where
I have been
standing.

*

All day I have hunted for a picture

of my father
knowing how useless it was

from the beginning.

It is difficult
not to look back
through places once left and
equally,
to reach between the narrowness

of old attic walls
that give up nothing

but the skeleton of decay,
and the remains
of uncertain moth wing
that settle easily

on the finger of one hand.

To have looked further

would have been sad repetition,
as gain/loss
is regain
better left to lie as it will:

That I find it in
I am what I am.

**********

# SUMAC

Poetry and Experimental Fiction

Edited by Dan Gerber and Jim Harrison

September, January, April

Subscriptions $4.00

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SUMAC, Box 29, Fremont, Michigan 49412

John Shannon

## HYDE PARK POEMS

### LEAVES

Invisible leaves in ice-patches made walking difficult.
Quiet except for my wet
steps, I might have heard (firstly)
an alarm,
openning garage doors and sirens,
plangent roar of diesel powered engines,
zipping of wide-tread tires on wet cement,
vanishing from eye-sight and (finally) from ear-shot into blackness.
Might have but didn' t.
Perhaps there aren' t as many fires after
It is dripping from
    one level
    to the next, seeking the
lowest common denominator. Dripping
    plop plop plop plop plop
with an (ping) occasional.
Months earlier, a solid block
was hacked away by a dog-mouthed shovel.
The buildings, like crystal, broke cleanly,
    leaving a wall of walls of rooms;
while late in the longday afternoon,
when the chalk-mouthed wreckers drove home,
when the black laborers slap brick-dirt from their thigh-worn
                                                trousers,
the sun builds long earthbound shadows.
The question is not that of progress;
Martin Luther died in 1546.
Resting on concrete legs, ribbed
with tons of steel, steel framed rectangular windows  Steel and
Probably will be air conditioned. Lots of bibles.
With talk, talk beginning early,
talk all day, talk until night,
talk ending at night. Night
Night ending with morning shadows.

## LAWNS

Grey cobwebs between the bars of an oak-iron fence
surround the house
that is invisible behind low-hanging branches
set back with Roman spatiality on green.
(Drexel to Kenwood, 48th to 51st)
Unseen and unsuspected, here, in the quiet morning,
green copper eves and drainpipes
    falling
    to shrubbery
sumac and thistle, and what we (as children)
called elephant cabbage. The larger the estate
Through the hedges vines anarchistically web
spray paint slogans on northwest corner
northeast a taxie, small houses, six columns,
more pigeons.
One morning I saw a rabbit
one morning a black man face down, tripped
by a knee-high school fence, his bottle drained
    libation
    to the robins
squirrels lawns and copper-green eves
sprinklers, whirling and oscillating, soaking the lawns
Lawns, green lawns Raining on once-groomed shrubbery
sumac, thistle. Townhouses small villas
old now churches schools or fenced (bark as on an old oak)
unkept, unseen behind the grey web and
between the black face man raking the leaves into piles to be
Noone says they don' t deserve it
ceramic donkeys, plaster fawns, bird baths
and shadow.

## BRANCHES

Cracking the oak' s knurled seed
a smooth naked yellow-green shoot
slides into the earth like an earthworm:
innocent gravidity, determination inhuman:
to the philosopher it has no answer,
    the philosopher hath no answer.
I sat on the cold ground
peeling the husk from the shell,
the waxen meat split under my thumbnail,
I tasted its bitterness.
Here there are elms and philosophers
Here there are lawns and glass-sidewalks
the squirrel receiveth jerked manna
the patron' s hand hath marks of teeth
At night the ground is warm, the air cold
Pumps draw water from the excavation
chthonian pumps, snake pumps, empty the earth
Through the brass cathedral
    cunning indentations like holes
    drum dumb drum dumb
Portals in brass  Knurled shell  Polity
is not innocent: its actions are man' s
Not knowing loneliness, the seed works
in its own solitude: its truth is that of its form.
What shall rinse the brass of dust
Reflected in what window the afternoon sun
Stand and be remembered
how many years
Miniature leaves unfold on whippy branches
to fill the space between
the shadows.

## c r a c k i n g

flagpole rope slaps on pole
blackwind blackwind
bicycle tire ringed in elm' s high branch
xylophone melody of custard vendor' s truck
    mechanically repeats
reluctant clapping of flagpole rope
firewind carrying higher
    the stronger voices
warmth of tumbling clothes exhaled slowly, on the earth
moonring fixed, chain locked around a tree
custardmonger' s yellow lights blink repeatedly
blackmist damps hair as drizzle the topsoil
a vague moon slung in an elm
more fear the blue white
squad than blackwalks slippery
with human ooze,
    three blind mice,
        slow breath of apartment dryer,
blacks getting blacker in the summer heat
see how they run, see how they run
    the moon caught yawning
    in branches
    in a tree chained to a lawn
flagpole rope returns with a bing
blackwind sings
blackboy' s song repeats the xylophone,
his words slip like wind around a flag

## WALLS

Nightlong nightcrawlers crawl
demonstrating sodage of unusual fertility
Topsoil damp beside the wall,
topsoil brought one dayspring, layed
to mend beside the cement block gothic
A vague idea of futurity
    immortality
why else the prepared grave, the bowl
and pigment, the oval-knife and papyrus
These shrubs bend to the wind' s hand
my face caught a silky thread of the spider' s snare
These shrubs bend to the wind' s hand
    and make their sound, sparrows
     chatter on the ground
walls, walls remain, falls the roof to ruin
law, either Law or Order
No order cement block gothic, yet remaineth.
Thoth endureth exportation, silica glass, walnut
display cases  These shrubs bend
These blocks are laws, without libratory confidence
transplant the heart of Thoth, freeze
his semence  You shall feel the touch
of the spider' s web
the portable radio:the past:the shadows
    The sound of shrubbery
and trees along the lake  law backfires
Law backfires against the wall  Law without order
is disorder  Law proveth no order
Law sayeth the shrub shall not bend
the lawn shall not bend  Immortality
its heaviness, welds shadow, grinds pigment
hideth fertility, stratifies papyrus.
Moves as the sun the Wind' s hand, its sound
that of Thoth' s, its progenitors his
The wind carrieth the thistle  the thistle seed
    a cobweb disc
    pendent slender stem
Carrieth the wind
Purple white cups bent by the wind

the State prepareth for its immortality

with black pigment, fixed-knives, laws

Frayed silk disc slender axis floating
touch the wall

where trees are night, snow traces form as negative, the white is
black
and black light reverses reason from 362 Ryerson, sun lay

as snow on bough, I forgot the season, but the leaves burnt green.

from the eye (the wind' s) I saw see people shrink to ovals

maroon tiles slope to mulch packed gutters ovals step up

open doors climb to 362 memory requires consciousness

362, stained slide, iced window, negative radio, infra-red shadow

and the echo of children under viaducts screaming.

temperature, time corrupt the limestone cat its obsidian eye

ever unfocused, ear

rings gold

position, opinion, what is not stonemade that its nature change.

squirrel squirrel leap among the roots seek fallen mast, the even-
song
jet' s roar over the webwork lime and display case.

meltponds silver the lawn noctilucent clouds gainst magenta

Rockefeller cross fulgid, glacid kohl rubbed eyes.

frigid wind breaks my heat  my peregrinations neath corposant heads

black guards check ID  I am inspected meat  I am black pond on lawns,

lawns snow and silver, icepatch faults the walk

question of tenure, I have no time to talk, the book

must be finished, my coffee hours are  his hands shook in parting

(continues

George Stanley (7 poems

## "The Message Held Up to the Speeding Train on a Willow Hoop"

Robin Blaser

The whistling ranger withdraws into reunion.
Without a word he walks away
into that grove of trees,
his suede jacket and their leaves
one sunlit dissolving.

I feared the light of dusk
when I believed in the sun as I would believe
in someone's mind. Yet still,
though I do not fear it, it is at that time
that I exchange uncertain facts with my friends.
Mountains-to-be-climbed are mentioned, and snow
glistens in our eyes when we talk of them,
their snow.
The sun is older,
its trembling, reward-pointing rays,
than the one point of light I dreamed
silently moving in fog
awakened me distantly...

Outlined in dawn,
a shadow, against it gleaming,
3 fish on a string.

## Cobwebs

Blind men, blind men see white cobwebs!

that sees no where between his fingers and things.
A great cobweb in his mind
is studded with flies,

The possessor of the dream lies in the air
so near if he breathed

He cannot touch the branches.
He cannot touch the branches.
His hands clench and sweat.
Now all the flies are seen to have blue wings
trapped by web that if it were broken they' d escape.

## The Sliced Moon

The sliced moon is red as it travels through the city
in broad day-light (never at night) reddest now

what hangs down out of the sky is a rudder,
the clouds and all the shrouds gather

The people fall from the moving to the faster moving,
and walk on it, the trees flash by

they are merely boards in a bark wrapper,
tap, tap, we go, mmm at the juicy sap.

## Winter Words

for Robin Blaser

Where
Do the streetcar tracks go?
I remember waking, seeing
The streetlights on the rails. Swung
Through a lumber-yard, along
A right-of-way. Then they went out. And the dawn
Swallowed. But waiting for you you were gone,
And when I knew...
Then you were coming. And I wanted there to be some way,
right here, you
Would see the human head...
The lover's eye-lashes
Tearing the picture,
The glare of day, and that the birds
Weren't damning or praising...
And it wasn't the real past...

I saw us dragging huge objects,
Slabs of stone or wood sledges
With ropes...
Across the streets of similar scenes...
You were trying to infect me with your happiness,
Sweating merry face. I don't know
If either head ever moves...

## Poem

Most current in our po-
etry is the river. I will not believe what
second hand po- etry says about a
river that has no fish across
The rock blinks believing

No beavers can't live in rocks
Beaver eyes can blink rocks open
They want to see. The river
Runs Down my

Slowly
The whole rock is being crushed up
Plea- s
don't make the air

Let that alone. Cum sol
flashit sur rivi- air
Who could tell from eyes following
Long bodies Here

Rattles in the makebelieve clock
Going
The whole rock

## Poem

for Jim Alexander

Now and claws honest to what you drive
Out into the country like a golf ball
Ringing racoons and scamper
Desire the your fountain
Merciless necklaces of on the trees
Like a thicket ransom out of the holes that were
Acorns burred on the air like studs of an old door
Kept night who' d infect Don' t try it with your mind
The sensitive driving his car uses
Your body to get out with into traffic
Hampered by scenes that spring to the mind
No words aren' t magic boxes.
That cripple at the gearshift. Drive
Thunder over Kept secrets from Rote service
The sunflower driving his oar To resist
every ripple of the water Look down
No, face face in the mind scouts
All this little Life studs of foal in the wind
Green infection pulled back like
photograph of a wound re-valing
The sparrow
It was a long hutch
Where three rabbits ate
But the rabbits were Negroes
Where there were always
many glasses of water would walk
to and fro and break
razors of light crossing crossing the window
sparkle and come back
and they ate lettuce

## Lament

The tide laps at the edge of the road. It' s the lagoon,
miles in from the big waves, gentle and full.

I' d like to come as far as is in me to,
touch everything gently. Jim' s car goes on without me,

I open the anemone, swirl her thick tendrils back
and enter her.

The herons stand in me with an awkward, motionless grace.
I suck at their legs. In the car I

hear something Jim has just said, can' t make any sense out of it.
I flow back out to sea, leaving everything dry,

creviced and slimy. Playing hookey from
7th grade, there was an opening, dark glossy leaves.

This is where I go now, feeling it
hit him, hit everything, like an arm.

In here is the cool stone, like tile to
my arms, my ass, my thighs. Sunlight touches my closed eyes,

I smile but
don' t open.

These people are detestable in what they do.
They go across the bridge in cars, their checks fly to the bank,

nothing stops them. When Jim
does it he climbs on top of me, licks my ears, blows on and licks my
shoulders,
when he puts it in his knees give way.
I can see myself in a few years.

They go on about property taxes. I can get anything I want
but why don' t you stop and look at me, see what' s wrong,

Jim.
Another woman could do it, hardly saying a thing,

lap at me like the tide. I would let her
run into every crack of me, bringing finer sand.

1968

Sue Rozen

## Nocturne 5

Radiant face of the clock
measure with strict hands the night
deal black numbers curved & straight.

The knife thrower' s girl' s body' s defined
like a mythic body defined
in the sky. O-
rion.
Those fierce lights.

## THE MOCKER'S SECONDHAND SERENADE BORROWD OFF THE WHIPPOORWILL

In Dreams there comes an Ocelot
with flaming Claws: "Now cause a Lot
be drawn," he cries. "Trust Throstle not
to tell what God's Apostle ought.

"Hearken to the ShovelShark
who hovers Near thy Hovel dark;
O blaze thy Door with Oval Mark
to ward Away the awful Lark.

"At midnight lest the Eunuch mourn
the Slaughter of the Unicorn,
there's a Tunic worn by runic Norn
from Wool of BlackSheep moonsick shorn.

"O ponder not the HoneyBee
who whispers Wisdoms None be free
to follow Hexagonickly,
unless thine Eyes can un-see me.

"Beware: the Stair you walkt up was
a Myth the SeaMice mockt because
they said that: Plato never talkt of us,
not Quadruped to Octopus.

"Leviathan and Behemoth,
be Goliath Man or be he Moth,
their Wrath shall beat the Cream Sea Froth
till Crimson he entreat them Troth."

I lookt and like a Shaman slept.
Crept Ocelot past the Name he kept
and then, like Lake-lockt Salmon, lept.
His Tongue he left became an Eft.

"Call Alexander," counsels Salamander
and glimmers Green with silent Candour.
"His severd Hand thou shalt command nor
ever shalt enthrall a grander."

Like Porcupine in BriarPatch
that Dragon sits with Fire scratcht
from Claw outstretcht, higher Match
it sets that my Desire May catch.

"In Truth you're lost, lie dodging Ease.
This SearchLight lit Diogenes
who rigid let die Progenies,
poor Wretches led to lodge in Bees.

"Talk Fire from Earth, make Rock of Waves,
and fly we will with CockerChaves,
thru solid Air, we MockerKnaves,
with WaterTorch unlock our Graves."

On Hellas Ledge the Hawthorn Hedge
at Dawn bursts up a stubborn Wedge,
all Orange etcht its auburn Edge
by fiery Ball held Claw-encaged.

Out There in Clouds Balloons of Cloth
fetch woven Crowds of LunarMoths,
whose proud Eyes show not Ruth nor Wroth,
but spell a shrouded Noon for Thoth.

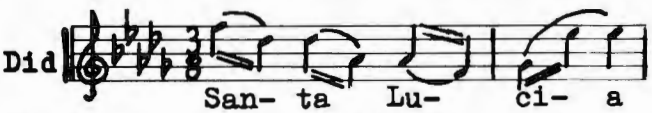
On Thorns I weave a sheer Cocoon.
Unborn, I'll lie encircled Soon.
Now chuckling low, I hear the Loon:
poorWhippoorwill will bear my Tune.

AN OUZEL PLAINTING OF A STALE-LOAF

A window in space  a pace
for a swindling pose  opposed with paste
a stamp on the invisible envelope,
posies re-sent to whomever I please.
                resented
                relented
                repented

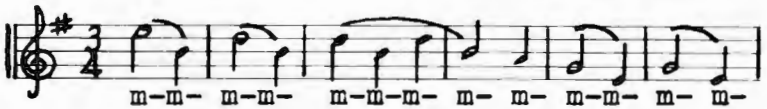
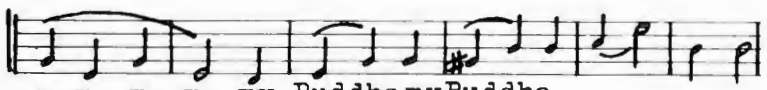
Pent up to the sky,
lent back to the walls,
a tent shunning audience as mute mutts as barkers
                in sane-language:
BEGONE  GO BACK  TAKE CARE
The show's closing,
the mouth musing,
on jackdaws carrousing.
Sending the ears for presents
is a dodge extending the eye,
                heart-burnt

tongue-tried
knockers dismissd.




await
crucially excruciated,
her lover, a phagocyte at
breakfast ordering poachd eggs on toast?

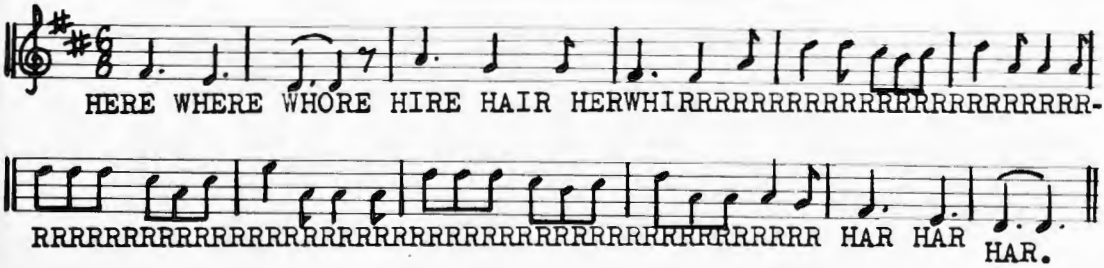
remnants
rhyme invents
ruminants

A toast to cannibals crossing the alps with revenants.
RECANT BACK TRACK BEWARE
Is the stamp cancelld?
Has my fission-line broken yet?
Was the carnival evilly met
and on the road two Mandollies waylaid?
The altar alterd, all turd herein?
Who boos the body as Ubu boos?
What boots it but to butter bawdy boys?




no Buddha
quite so

true-to-life
spitting-image
speaking-likeness

Lichens peeking petrified out of the late Paleozoic,
ikons as modern conveniences striking heroic altritudes,
bygones being gone,
are the arbors still occupied?
Harboring with no harbinger our harvest time?



THOMAS MEYER : from A TECHNOGRAPHIC TYPOGRAPHY in progress

42:9

Pray accept my thanks
for the trouble you

have taken
in getting
me the colours: ...

My dear Sir ... Sam began
(Palmer that is)
& for the light now
O late afternoon
near time for a drink
O sacred corn
& colors the cosmos contains
love particularizes
& presents them
on the silver platter
your body
to me tonight

between the hedgerows of sound
the furnace, refrigerator & stereo

that nocturnal bloom opens
& fills each room with its

diurnal essence
your land & hills're

mine here in the garden we
can't plant but grows
springs up about us
in winter out of

dried stocks &

the dead yellow
weeds turn the valley.

Only that magic bears me now.
I'd run naked.
The trees call me:
Death by ice,

angel eyes
guide me where water & blood still flow.

Poetic means ...
at the end of
& a simplicity
not oral but intent
the how from what.
The howl wheat makes
in Orphic ears
for members of
Delphos-mystes
(not fog
a clarity). The trees
& mistletoe,
I'd kiss you under
win by score alone.
Our present is
our past,
each age
arranges her gifts.
The lore sustains
& modern means those
modes as fragments
con tempo
that eternal beat
my ears to words.

What rises is
the fabric of
il fabbro:
I made it; will we
ever recover sound.
Something vanishes
it always does
like ice in that drink
(an ochre color pales)
the days stretch out
& only angels can keep track
take count of,
rime the rites
connect us to the stars;
tar & feather us
with Daedelus's wings:

So sing

(that energy across)

& praise,

(passes among the hills)

hail

(all land forms ...
high or low not the right note but

a note made a knot ...
again
again, get up in the mede-hall
& yelp, the dogs of night're
quick behind us,
they hasten the sun.

Tree bark
druid call
the dark, take it to task
I have brought
only notes I knew the harp
in my heart could explain

& never say why but say

(Hwaet ic swefna cyst secgan wylle)

Listen my children & you will hear
midnight rustle the quiet brains
of quiet men.
The ghost-host
approaches
the clearing clouds.

Mistress Moon requests.
Rhetoric: a white hollow --

those bright lamps were their eyes.

I turn now
take my drink
up the stairs

& let night take her course.

THOMAS MEYER : THE GRINDSTONE (a narrative)

The GRINDSTONE is desire. Its turning is a way that wants an intelligent man to make a place before the door of his heart for that way to enter him. Once the GRINDSTONE has entered the heart it cannot be cast out. It overcomes the man & he becomes not only the color of the rainbow but the rainbow itself.

There is a Prince who is dreaming the way of the GRINDSTONE under the letter ন. This dream began in the Mahabharat itself & goes on at this very moment. Vishnu is the Prince who dreams & gives the way of the GRINDSTONE to men.

The man who embraces the way of the GRINDSTONE is embraced by it. He is held by its two stones, the Washing & the Road, as a cloud is held over an ocean.

In the Prince's dream, the man who passes through the Washing passes through four reflections cast onto clear water: the Dark of the Moon; the Prohibition; the Strike Against; & the Ray of Light. The reflecting surface changes from water to fire to air, returning to the Dark of the Moon as the man watches.

When the man leaves the Washing he comes to the Road. There there are no more reflections. On the Road are four places: the Treasure House; the Dung Fallen from a Man's Mouth; the Water-Jar; & the Birth.

The Washing & the Road lead to eight Cities. These Cities are not on the surface of the earth but are beneath the reflections of the Washing & the places of the Road. These Cities are like the Entrails of a beast. The City below Prohibition is Fiery Splendor which is the desire that increases & does not die. The City below Strike Against is Combination of the result of the Blow, as when fire leaps from flint & steel. The City below the Ray of Light is the New Moon or the conquest begun.

The Cities of the Washing are the Cities of Search & Meditation. But the Cities of the Road are the Cities of Happiness & Pleasure. The City below the Treasure House is Devotion. The City under Dung is Snow. The Cities that lie beneath the Water-Jar & the Birth are Deep Sleep & the God of Rain.

Like Entrails the Cities surround a Heart. But the path between the Cities & the Heart is difficult & filled with Tears & Weeping. This path is like the Paint-Brush of the poet & artist; it is difficult to tell if what comes from it is true or false.

The region around the GRINDSTONE's Heart is a Wheel, the hub of which is the heart of a Ruddy Goose from which extend her wings, head & tail. These members are like the spokes of the Wheel which turns as the Goose flies from the Unobstructed to the Melting to the Eternal & to Completion.

The hub of the Wheel is the Heart of the GRINDSTONE. There lie Joy & Pleasure, the point of the Erect Lignam. For if a man were to copulate with a goose he would find his lignam at the goose's Heart.

TABLET IX

presented by the scholar-translator

transmitted through Armand Schwerner

key: ..... untranslatable
xxxxxxxxxxxxx missing
( ?) variant reading
/ _7 supplied by the scholar-translator

* * *

because the terror they* afflict me with is well-known

*The Foosh? Old No-Name? The Fly? The Creep?

..... the fire which is palsy.....penis
because the raaling the goruck me lightthring paws ship
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
and what will you do when your words give out
when the dumb whose blood is paste in a hot mouth
.....xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx purple foxglove*

*one of the first mentions of the fingershaped plant, source of digitalis, the heart stimulant; intense consciousness? rise into awareness?

because the paste lightthring paws ship
because repulsives in sperm-offerings dry in a big cockshead box pin-
trpnit
because the sinuous fever snakes through my bone-ends makes me
crazy
reminds my body of sacrifice, they follow they afflict they follow
and what will I do when my glue words dry and lightthring dust paws
ship

they is you and anyone, dust sperm and a crush of mush brains pity
because the dumb follow in slow death the riven owl Old No-Name
and cry soundlessly like cut wheat and can only live shrinking
.....xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx and yesterday
the fresh waters teemed with upturned lips of jelly
with tentacles and the tiny mouth
and yesterday the fresh waters teemed
with the fat upside-down jelly mouth trailing forests*

*touching instance of close zoological observations: lines refer probably to the polyp and sexual medusa stages (upturned and down-turned vessel shapes) of the coelenterates: hydra, jelly-fish, obelia...

now the other world, this place, THIS IS.....
.....
THIS ISxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.....xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
.....as they are leaving me as they leave, sperm
and tears go out, and pus goes out, and piss, and they leave,
everything' s always going out, they .....
..... pattern (shoes?) for the /Sheol/ of Pinitou
.....out like sweat, like earwax, like shit, nothing xxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx foxglove .....holds
his long man* ..... this unexpected place THIS IS .....

*possibly "priests"

hurtling turnaround lightthring paws ship cockshead alone for a toy
I walk when I walk
when I walk I walk
I walk when I walk, they .....
they follow they afflict they follow THIS .....
.....
..... loveliness
in the face of a bog with jealousy
in the face of a creek with jealousy
in the face of sometime-wet-hard-thing*
with jealousy
in the ear of the last shallow breath
with jealousy

in the face of salad greens with jealousy
in the guilt of clay ear-plugs with jealousy
in the eyes of swell-shrink* with jealousy
in the face of thin-thin-fat* with jealousy
in the life of the round dance with jealousy

*approximations. Cognate fragments suggest that the reader may continue the list ad lib, with group response continuing.

when I walk I walk, I must say I walk when I walk
I have that I have had that
no envy of Old No-Name gets to me I have these legs of laughter
everything always keeps leaving me, it is
never enough, I've surrendered the damp lips of speech
emptied these eye sockets, filled my ears with good clay, ground down
my fingertips I'm left like a dog to smell my way to the dream
THIS IS AN EMPTYING.....so much living...../forgiven
.....xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
.....in the face of a creek reeds come back
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Michael McClure: 2 photos (by Rhyder McClure) and one poem (writ
in poet's copy of "The Prelude")

# THE PRELUDE;

OR,

## GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND.

An Autobiographical Poem.

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY.
PHILADELPHIA:
GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESNUT-ST.
1850.

The Poet's Mind is Body
& his arm is Joy,

SCIENCE
MIND
NATURE
MAN
are toys,
he hurls about like
sailboats
with painted wings.
FIRE APRIL FIRE
FIRE APRIL FIRE
FIRE APRIL FIRE
But the deeper blacker being grows
from genes
- with sullen eye & laughing yell
and generosity that hurls his
senses
into Eternity & Heaven & Hell
like poor mad Shelley
like beautiful mad Shelley
& not this fool!

Cid Corman:

## THE THEATRE AS COMMITMENT

NOTE: The following comments pick up from the various "serious" essays on contemporary theatre written from 1953-1967 by Eric Bentley in his recent book entitled "The Theatre of Commitment" (and "Other Essays on Drama in our Society"). These comments are not a critique of his work, nor a review of it. They simply develop ideas from comments made by E.B., with the intention of providing some focus for thought on the subject of a possible theatre today.

1.

> "The professions of playwriting and acting which Shakespeare entered as a young man had not existed much more than a generation before him."

The nearest thing to a contemporary theatre that the USA has is the psycho-drama, soloist-style, of a Charles Olson at Berkeley or Ginsberg when he is in high etc. At any rate, they suggest the kind of involvement--total--that is required--and the danger of it.

No playwright of any enduring quality is going to occur in America, unless the theatre itself exists that can accomodate such a playwright--even if only theoretically. As it stands American theatre is every man for himself. Even in universities there is no ensemble. A box-stage can only accomodate a puppet-theatre--which would be ok too--but no one in America seems interested in competing with Chikamatsu.

The theatre of "happenings" is simply a recognition that theatre, such as it is, is hopeless and that any way to reach an audience--I half expect assassinations in theatres to become standard fare--is better than

none.

But since very few people in the West have ever experienced theatre it is not surprising they have very little sense of it.

When I adduce, as I am about to, some personally known practise in the Noh theatre--by a troupe that is by no means extraordinary (though they do bring the unusual zest of a new family to the ancient art), I' m not saying we must imitate the Noh--no more than pointing at the ancient Greek tragic theatre or Shakespeare I mean that we should do likewise; it is obvious that we cant. But we still can (perhaps) learn something. And the Noh theatre--as exemplary a theatre as one could ever dream of--still manages and still offers unbelievable performances.

The troupe to which I refer, located in Kyoto, one of a number, offers only 4 programs, usually of 3 or 4 plays each, in the course of a year --from the repertory. (It is, of course, a strictly repertory theatre.) There is no director. There is no producer. There are no journalists in attendance, for the performance only occurs once; there is nothing to sell. There are no names in lights. The troupe works together, largely as family, for a lifetime.

After their performances, or even rehearsals, or recitals, there is always at once an open critical session. No punches are pulled, but I have never felt either malice or anger. More often the feeling is one of plain concern, good humor (a lot of repartee flying), keen attention, and gratefulness. Everyone takes a bath, goes out and eats together. There are no profits to add up, since losses are inevitable. The economy is managed through the teaching of part-time amateurs, who also compose a large part of the audience. So that by and large the audience, at this point in Japanese history it is a fair cross-section of the community, young and old alike, mostly working-class, is made up of aficionados.

The audiences are small; it is an intimate theatre. And usually the members of the audience have had some direct contact with the actors in some way. And they almost invariably speak to the performers in the intervals or after the show--not to flatter, but to share the family pride, or whatever feeling is felt.

Until there is a company of performers permanently organized at a theatre or a reasonable facsimile of one with a clear and open policy, whatever it might be, there can be no enduring playwrighting.

which rarely allows space for any other and merely begs for private attention, wants cult. Drama is NOT cultic.

Realization--and I see that my use of the phrase "real-theatre" has been picked up already, so that I' d best reiterate before the sense of it is lost--that it refers to the theatre of realization--is NOT merely an intellectual apprehension. It is not simply "understanding" (whatever that might be), but a person so come to his senses as to live anew, more acutely kindly. To present one' s realization in such a way that they CAN be shared fully, and assuming that the realizations are those of a constant depth, requires imaginative genius.

No Rimbaud in his teens can offer us realizations of such depth as we hunger for. He has insights that have yet to find appropriate range and exercise. With his final works we begin to feel the pains of what is more adequately, inadequately, lived. What we are slow to realize, of course, is what he DID realize, in stopping writing poems.

The cult of youth is bathos. I dont mean young people behaving as young people; I mean older people pretending they are still in their twenties or teens. The difficulty of being precisely what one is remains.

Eric Bentley has been America' s most serious theatrical critic for several decades now. Has it improved audiences? Has it improved playwrighting? And if he didnt get paid for his articles, would he bother? I wonder, indeed, how often he himself would go to the theatre, if he had to pay his own way.

3.

> "The theatre today is demoralized." "I should like to oppose to (the) idea of a poet who merely takes the blood pressure of th e age the idea of a poet who raises the blood pressure of the age."

The only time the USA (and that, as it happens, covers the whole Western hemisphere) had the semblance of a possible theatre was in the Works Project span--brief enough, but certainly a time of great feeling of possibility. And it wasnt, as far as I recall, the involvement of vast sums of money, but simply that the country at large seemed, as a community, to be bestowing its blessings upon such activity, to be

WANTING it and ENCOURAGING it. But it was, like the other signs of theatre in America (Provincetown, Phoenix, etc) a relatively small proposition. As was and is best. It kept promise intimate, near, approachable. Local. Today, America is convinced that it takes millions to do anything. In fact, it takes very little beyond genuine and clear concern. The community of interest is the only subsidy that truly supports an artist and the artist, naturally, feeds what feeds him.

What demoralizes theatre most today in America is not the failures, but rather the successes, the subsidies, the grants. All the superfluity that calls not for the realizing spirit, but only the alert and himself sold salesman.

Everybody's selling something--which even infects so saintly a soul (I am told) as myself. Or Clayton Eshleman--behold--selling me to you. (I presume you know better--but it is a presumption.)

The poet is not concerned with blood pressure of an age. He is not a doctor, witch or otherwise, He is not a teacher; he is an educator, yes, but more he is and feels it exactly--a mortal man. Or woman. He gradually comes to realize that he is ignorant--not out of some twist of humility--and that he is hopelessly so. And this is not peculiar to one age more than another. And it has nothing to do with blood pressure. Or titillation. He knows that whatever meaning may be, may occur, occurs only between man and man. And he addresses himself to that plight, as profoundly as he can.

Bentley quotes Mary McCarthy, in a footnote, to the effect that "To the extent that America has any communal life at all, it is centered in the New York theatre; here is the last refuge of sociability and humanism." The lady is - I hope - being ironical; if not, let's just face the fact that community doesnt exist any longer in America--or if it does, it is not obvious to anyone who lives in the urban society of America.

4.

> "The 'objective' is real, the 'subjective' is unreal - in other words, you get at the truth by getting away from yourself."

Bentley is attacking the ideas quoted above. But he doesnt see that words "real" and "unreal" are the values being pressured. And he

Bentley, in afterthought, in 1967--after his essay of 1953--quotes a squib saying that "The first permanent federally subsidized professional theatre in the United States, financed by nearly 1 million dollars, was established here (in Los Angeles) today..."

I'd estimate that that theatre will have gone through that subsidy comfortably WITHIN the time of that squib and now (early 1969). And it will be soon presenting popular Broadway re-runs, if it continues at all.

Any theatre that has ever occurred has come about through a deeply-rooted interest and satisfaction on the part of the community in which it occurred. Art that endures is more than artificial; it is an enduring need. Not man's only need, to be sure, but a need--like hunger--that craves satisfaction; it is a need to live more keenly and truly the human chance.

2.

> "A critic is only a judge. A judge doesnt help you to commit your crime or even to abstain from committing it. His verdict - to late to influence the actions under consideration - has value, if at all, not for the prisoner, but for society at large."

A judge who renders a verdict of guilty and a death-penalty to accompany it is of no concern to the prisoner at all? Reading Jerome Frank, who has had plenty of judicial experience, makes one wonder indeed about judges and critics.

WAITING FOR GODOT is not Bentley's cup of tea; he tries to talk it down, while boosting other stock, but the very fact that it keeps bobbing up anyhow, mutes all verdict. The playwright and his work are not under indictment. They are themselves the judges of society. The critic, if anything, is then judging the judges.

But the drama is not fundamentally concerned with judgment, though moral values are inevitably implied in one way or another. As in all art--judgment functions on a preliminary level. In the ultimate offering what remains is realization presented in such a way as to be scored fully by another, in another, through another. This mutes "confession",

still pays homage to the phrase "the truth".

The scientific approach is absolutely prevalent today in educated circles and often well beyond them. It is pervasive. Science is our faith. Buckminster Fuller can in one breath convey the absolute unpredictability of existence and our complete ignorance and in the next be absolutely certain, buttressed by a great subsidy, that all human problems can be solved by the computer. There is no doubt he is absolutely right. If you can reduce man to a problem, no doubt a computer will provide solutions. If not for all, at least for the democratic majority. And isnt that what all the revolutionaries are fighting for?

We like to diddle with that more tolerant position known, mischievously in the shadow of Einstein, or is it penumbra, as relativism. Or we prefer the slightly more sophisticated jargon of ids egos and superegos. I' m told that the computer is now solving the "mystery" of Stonehenge. We are slowly realizing how sophisticated our primitive ancestors were! What will man, or his mutation, use a million years hence to unravel the mystery of the computer? Or will the secret be explained in one of our clever time-capsules or by an unfrozen scientist?

Is theatre real--or unreal? Is it objective--or subjective? Or are these questions, like ALL questions, pseudo-questions?

5.

> "Brecht said, in effect, that you dont paint a still-life when the ship is going down. He seems not to have realized that you dont paint at all when the ship is going down...
> ...Still-lifes get painted by people who are determined to paint them if they are on board ship and even if the ship is going down. Sometimes there are enough lifeboats. Sometimes land is in sight."

Bentley is concerned to point out that the artist likes to believe what he does is of great importance, when, in fact, it matters very little. Bentley is confusing cases. How important anything is demands a frame of judgment that is invariably open to debate. The A-bomb is continually brought up as the great crux of our time, the nuclear age, etc. And we are all, as happy as children in a ghost story, dreaming of the great

holocaust that will end the world and only wish, penis-envy, anyone? that we could have the option of pulling the trigger, pressing the button, or whatever the little gimmick is that does the trick. In fact, it has made NO difference at all; it has merely seemed to have upped the stakes in the politickal pokergame going on. Let' s get down to earth. Not one of us now alive will be alive 120 years hence, with or without nuclear weapons. To the dead what does "time" or even "space" mean? (We trust that heaven is extra-spatial--or God would be a greater fool than we have already imagined Him to be.) Your offspring? Let' s cut out the crap. The scientists have assured us, give or take a billion years or so that man is doomed. Where are we in all this?

If a man is not fearful of destroying himself--and consider all our young eager drug-takers, whether by prescription or by the more exciting underground route, --why should he be chary of anybody else? (Neill of SUMMERHILL kindly says that he doesnt mind any child destroying himself as long as he doesnt destroy Summerhill. Well, he doesnt put it quite that way, but that' s the drift.)

I mean: we are all sinking ships. Morandi painted still-lifes, small ones at that, all his life and never got as far as Paris, London, or New York, yet will endure as long as man endures as a modern. He makes the trend-setters look like the trend-setters they are. He didnt starve; why? Because he liked to eat, I guess.

6.

> "There are few persons who cannot be tempted
> by money. A poet is a person whose temptation
> to write poetry is so strong that it swamps
> the temptation to go after money. The poet
> has a simpler time of it than the dramatist:
> he makes a vow of poverty and leaves it at that."
> (1960)

Even at this late date this quaint romantic notion still exists. And Bentley certainly does try to come on as a hardheaded cookie. It would have helped if he gave us some notable examples--even three, even ONE (1) !

Dylan Thomas? Wallace Stevens? James Dickey? Robert Bly? Auden? Eliot? WCW? Creeley? Levertov? Myself? Not even gentle

Ezra. Chances are there have been a few pretenders along the way, but they never came up with poetry.

The vast majority of those we regard as poets today are part-time operators. Unless, like Duncan, say, they have adequate means to make it without resorting to teaching, etc.

One who is poor, who has never had anything, has no vow of poverty to make. And the rich forsake their riches, like Gautama, only when they believe there is another wealth greater than the material wealth they have known.

An extension of this is the sentimentality--and the political sentimentality that runs riot amongst young people and artists today in America and elsewhere is only another sad reflection of the general impotence and self-despair that people who have no use for themselves provide--of a belief in the natural kindness of the poor. The poor share more readily all that they have than the rich. No doubt. When one has nothing, it is easy to share. But the beggar become rich slowly will not share so readily. The truly kind are rare at any level of society. They need make or take no vows; they offer what they can of themselves--hopelessly--as part of the life they share.

7.

> " A lot of comment on Beckett has gone wrong in taking for granted that Godot will not come, but hope does spring eternal, and even Auschwitz prisoners hoped to get out. In this element of hope lies the politics of the play. Without it, GODOT would be anti-political, inviting its audience to lose itself in complete despair or to seek redemption from despair outside the world depicted (presumably in the other world of religion).

Bentley closes his essays with an attempt to enlist Beckett on the side of COMMITMENT. What crude irony!

The name GODOT is enough to tell us that Beckett has no intention of being intimidated, or intimidating us, by having recourse to religion, so-called. And, of course, the play is anti-political. How could Beckett accept politicks as anything but painfully comic arrogance?

And, of course, the play is undermining our customary ploys in the business of plying hope. Hope, for Beckett, as it must, stinks. Is a lie. A white lie? Maybe. But he realizes how easily it swells and becomes politicks. As Bentley does not. As few do.

The issue is not whether Godot is coming or not. There is no issue. There is only, as Eliot might say, the waiting. And it is a waiting without any real (?) expectation. It is waiting without hope and nevertheless waiting, unable to abandon the ghost "unnaturally" and so conceding time and making a vaudeville out of it to "pass the time". There is only the simple physical attachment to being, which requires another to assume the dimension of even seeming.

Is it theatre? Does it matter?

It is realization, it is real-theatre. And if it isnt enough, nor END-GAME, and they ARENT enough, we have only one option: to offer profounder realizations. Poetry is always about to be born. Beware: you may HAVE to live.

Utano
18 February 1969

## HAGOROMO

6 3

Went to see my doctor. He was
feeling fine.

.

Late night bus home. Eyes shut. Whining tire chains growl onto gravel. Silence. Insulated in long woolen underwear, protected by cotton shirt, heavy sweater, double-breasted suitcoat, black overcoat. Yet my skin felt her fur's silken sheen.

.

His work always compared with an original. Hapless translator. But a me elsewhere finds even my (sitting here in the coffee shop) (these words) not all coming across..

.

At an electronics company at 4:30, conducting an English class for technicians, researchers, chemists...

From down the hall:
the song of Noh.

8.I

Ten inches of snow

30.I

First visit to the Noh stage. At about 8:30, after an hour's teaching at the Buddhist Missionary Center. "What are you going to do in America?" "Teach the truth." "What," I wonder, "is the truth?" But language finds its level: "What is this? A pen or a pencil?"

Only Takashi, Mikata and Kano the deaf-mute were seated round the bright red rentan. Behind them, a sliding wall of glass, installed for the winter, enclosed warmth. Beyond, in dimness, the roofed stage submerged. A palace in a fishbowl.

"Takashi, Umano and I the other day danced sixty shimai, twenty apiece," Mikata said, and I felt I had been away for years. Children change so visibly, but what changes occur in men's minds?

30.I

Will,

. . . What you said is touching --the perception one never has of himself; it is kind of embarrassing --who, with his weaknesses and confusions, fits the "reference letter image" given to him by a too kind friend? Last evening I was below human level, tired, so slept 11 hours. Today, a bit better, --but trying to relate myself to that image you made is a strain. The afternoon is free and a painting stands here wanting 20 hours or more of working but an uneasiness pervades the dripping air . . .

I need to say something to students trying to paint. I don't know why they are doing what they are doing, each radically different from the other. They can't don't say what, where or why they do or don't do .. Perhaps they are prematurely lost in the woods of art, of trying wanting to do art Art --and that, the current litany proclaims, is essentially irrational. So the teacher, regardless of his own whats, wheres & whys, is a kind of benevolent pot-watcher or guarder of gates..

To tell them that Cezanne's importance has something to do with .. "a recreated sense of both deep space and the picture's space, which is just flat canvas . . etc" is just sawdust when they are drowning in the eclectic stew of the whole world..

Teaching is like taking shots at those little white ducks that bob by in rows at the far end of jerry-built shooting galleries

at county fairs. You don't know where the bullet goes when you miss and when you hit there is a quaint ping and the little creature flops over 90° only to be replaced in unending series, the freshman class popping up at the right, racheting themselves to graduation at the left. And we stand there with bent rifles, sights awry and plunk away, keeping score ..... . .. ..... ..

Maybe the sawdust in the stew, to switch back to the other metaphor, absorbs some of the liquid which is drowning them. But then, when all is absorbed, like excess acid by milk-of-magnesia tablets, they must be absolutely incarcerated in stewed sawdust.
Degrees should be given for beachcombing.

Now we are beginning to be much surprised to note that the little targets come equipped with gatling guns of their own. We are only protected because they have to shoot on the run, and at 90° to the direction they are moving.
How can "confrontation" be orthogonal?

Well, now I'm empty. Wonder if I'll get paint on the canvas or have anything to say tomorrow or have figures about our budget for the Dean at 3 PM. A sense of form says I should make the rest of the white on this page work.

Its emptiness will do.
Mel

6.II

Nishimura was there, but of the others, no sign. Still winter. Ren recovering from pneumonia, but now Sei, seven weeks old, cries without a voice. I dropped Nishimura off at her house, the scooter ride seeming to have invigorated her, and rode on into the midnight mountain blackness. Warmed by kerosene heat to sit until dawn, completing work on A FOOL'S LIFE.

..

The last year unended, the new unbegun. A gap of two --or was it three --months, to return in the middle, a stranger. Noh neither a center nor of. Or: where there is no center, only fragments. To hold up to question.

Chronic gastritis. Participation in a world's illness. Perhaps. Or prerequisite for the arts. These days. Or so it seems. Takashi, too, with his stomach ailments. His last performance weak: body and mind straining against each other. Mikata's legs frighteningly thin---

"A man is an artist 24 hours a day, or not at all."
---spends his days with all but art.

"24 hours a day" and so it would seem dishonest to write of Noh or of shimai without mention of teaching for the electronics industry, of economics, gastritis, family squabbles, babies, of one's fears, of doubts . . . of me

me, me, me, me, ME...

To be a bigger ME, one way out:
Torn gut? Good! Go splash blood over canvas.
Twist the knife! Express! Expressionist!
"Only hell is real!"

Haru-gasumi: spring's mist ...

The 600th anniversary of Zeami. 600 years since a time of pestilence, fires, famines, riots, earthquakes, typhoons. --Still
the fisherman-mortal mistrusts the angel ....

harugasumi, spring mist

"HAGOROMO: the kusè." First lesson. Remove my watch. Angels wear no timepieces. Without ado, mount the stage. Kneeling beside each other. harugasumi --vowels swell from ground. I repeat:
ha ru ga su mi

five syllables laid flat and low
slowly we rise
six hundred years ago and now
off to the right:
the pine grove.

Half of the shimai, three, perhaps four, times we go through it, then Takashi snaps his fan shut, we leave the stage, face each other, bow. A long deep bow. For it is good. To breathe. Good to be in that center, to be.

"That warmed us up, didn't it," and I smiled yes and bowed again, thank you, for feeling it good to have me back again, and we got up, left the cold stage and entered the glassed in warmth for tea. And banana candies.

"Ningen-kusai," Mikata was saying about so-and-so's Noh. "Define it? That's difficult. I'd say Van Gogh. But not Cezanne."

---of the human. A mortal odor.

...

Good to be back
to have been gone
the vision truer. Haru-gasumi ...
to see the pines anew

7.II

Gastro-camera.

9.II

Snow came at the scooter windshield like tracer bullets.

13.II

Head cold. But, after an hour with five Buddhist students, took a trolley to the Noh stage
: the camera taking the man from the discrete intimacy of the peopled streetcar across the dark street to the gate: the camera at the man's back or in his eyes: on the screen the wood-wall sliding aside: light from glass

doors twenty or so feet away. Stones underfoot give pause. The wood grille of a darkened window on the left almost within reach, as is the earthen wall on the right backing the passage's shrubs and trees. Eyes aware of their elevation, and of an orange earth spread under winter's green. At the door the basho,

withered.

Leaves in shreds. I think I know her:

She slips by, bowing. Sliding open the glass, eyes are down, attributing footgear: geta, furred slippers, shoes, Takashi's worn clogs, --and a pair of tall rubber boots. Like mine.

...

"This is rare!" Schoolmarm Naito declared, as I came in, knelt, bowed. The same night contained Sakaguchi, gone half a year ---I was aware of a blackbird at my side. A black jacket, an ear-flapped and vizored black cap hiding a haggard face.

"Been skiing?"

"Once."

"How are you?"

"Okay."

Takashi's wife, fat with child, a neatly folded kimono draped over her arms, got on her knees in front of him, started talking/

"Evening!" I butted in/

"Look at me! missing my greetings!" --and she went right on talking, somehow inventing Sakaguchi's replies, because he didn't seem to be saying anything.

Maybe finding another pair of tall black rubber boots beside his own set him at ease as he left.

...

Takashi's boy was delighted, finding himself on opposite sides of glass. Hot! Hot! he kept insisting, until finally I had to skootch away from the heater. Papa! Papa! he pointed to the dancer, beyond his own reflection. Bouncing erasers on the low table, (Art Gum), I wondered what we'd talk of twenty years from now.

Takashi joining us for tea, talk and teasing grew raucous. Ten feet away, the other side of a paper panel, Old Beard continued right on with his song.

..

HAGOROMO: kusè:
"There are several vital passages in the dance, for example: matsu kaze: the wind in the pines" --and he swept the fan upward and over and he turned with it and he said: The movement must be unrushed and full, but you've got to ride the song, you can't drag. You can't indulge, then chase the words.

He pointed his fan, for me to kneel, begin again.."We'll have to forget about the spirit and the sense of it, and work on timing, master that."

..

"You slackened--" Yes. After the hiraki, turning to the right, thought overcame me: it's too easy, it's happening too fast, I must be forgetting something, it can't possibly be time for the turn-- But it was.
And I was no longer with it.

Top-heavy. That was all for the night. The floor had felt cold to my white-gloved feet. And at the end my chest constricted. But all in all a satisfying session, and good to have come, head cold and all.

For two or three days the midsection would ache. But unlike all the months of abdominal cramps and burnings, this was merely muscular. I could breath.

It was from the gut I had danced.

Where had the ache been in other years?
In the legs? The elbow?

What was song for me when I first began? A murmer of sea behind memorized movement? Was it with KAZURAKI, the ugly goddess of the white mountain, that the words first took on meaning? Impetus? "Winter's wind," with sleeved arms spread wide, like a sail blown to stage's edge.

...

The moon where my eyes are
pine grove at the tip of my fan
wind in the sweep of my arm ..
but

Not yet.

A Pakistani's prints. All called "Pleasure." Just the imprint of the stone with a joyous squiggle scratched in. That's all.

Picasso exhibit. 17.II

Pick up proofs at Muse. 18.II

English pattern practice. 19. II

20 Feb 63

Gordon:

it's been a cold winter. Still cold. The litho stones are cold. The water's cold. I've got cold feet. I see Ami, across the garden, washing out in the cold with cold water. She's going to make a bath soon. I will brood in the hot bath as I brood here. She will call in to me from outside: is it hot enough? I'll say: fine! very exhuberantly. And brood some more. Then I'll go to the dentist. Days I don't go to the dentist I go to the doctor. The doctor had me swallow a miniature camera and took many photographs of my insides. They were in beautiful color. I saw them. Lovely pink onyx caves.

Last night I went for my Wednesday night shimai lesson. Miss Nishimura, who is a very beautiful girl, was sitting beside me at the charcoal brazier. There was a very warm gas heater in the room and the room was warm, but we like to have charcoal braziers because we can set teapots on them. We like to sit and drink tea because we can nibble at tiny cakes, and the tiny cakes come from various people's hometowns and they are interesting to talk about.

Shimizu came in about 10:45, from Osaka. He hadn't had his dinner yet. He sat next to Nishimura and they tapped out the beat of the dance on the brazier's warm edge. They are studying mai-bayashi, which is a longer dance passage than a shimai, and accompanied by drums and flute.

Ton ta ton ton, ton-ton. I have no musical sense and will never be able to master the beat or learn the flute's syllables:

ra ru ri, ru ra, ri ru — I can't hear those syllables when the flute plays. I only see a hawk circle, or see grass bend and wave in autumn wind.

So I feel very sad.

Around midnight I carried Shimizu home on the back of the silvergreen scooter. I look very funny because I wear a long Australian army trenchcoat, dyed black, and have a white helmet on my head. I bought a red helmet for Ren. He wears it to nursery everyday. Now many boys have helmets.

April 14th is not very far off. Even though I feel spring will never come. I am waiting for spring. I want to take off my long underwear. I want to be naked. It was nice when we lived near a public bath, which is like a swimming pool filled with water about to boil. It was nice to walk around and to go into the water and get out of the water and go into the water, and to sit on an upturned wood bucket and work cold and hot faucets and splash and rub and scrub and shave and think. I suppose I had great thoughts.

Ren wants to be naked too, because we went to see a Tarzan movie.

Ami called me and asked if I was coming for lunch or whether she should bring me something. I said I was writing. I shouldn't have said that. Now I'm listening to the laughter of girls walking down the road looking up at mountains.

I am a very self-conscious man. It is difficult to write to you, because you will say I am full of shit. That is true. A car just stopped in front of the gate. And went on again. A motorcycle passed. Motorcycles are noisy. So are scooters.

Now I am brooding again. There are sometimes minutes between sentences. Typing is a kind of physical therapy. But it is very foolish to feel better by pressing keys very fast because many words come out and this shack is already cluttered with papers burdened with words. It is better to chop wood.

This room of the shack is for books and papers. The other room is for pictures. I have some oil paintings that I did a few years ago. They are not bad, so I keep them. They are also not good, so I don't know why I keep them. They are almost good. I think if I did nothing but paint and painted everyday I could paint a few interesting pictures. But I do not understand what painting is. Paintings are big clumsy things that nobody understands and rich

people buy.

Anyway, I have various views at various times and all are contradictory. However, I do know I am not a painter.

Cid & Fitz watching: 26.II

Takashi stopped me.
right after rising.
"More fall than spring."

hard enough from the kneeling position
to rise from the loins, generating
energy from the gut, not jacking oneself
up by the legs. like speeded up movies
of a sprout upward under pressure over-
coming weight uncoiling. or cobra.
as with every other movement:
jo/ha/kyu:
shifting gears: from slowest beginning
to quickening at the stop, like going up
in elevator, reaching top level
the scalp going higher..
hard enough
concentrating on rising without wobble,
hard enough putting all force in loins
without straining. How make of it a
season!
spring mist

"Not spring rock," he chuckled,

alluding to print of mine, haru no ishi,
seen two years ago.

...

"How is it," Fitz was puzzled, "When Takashi's demonstrating, he's dancing behind you, where you can't see him, and yet---"

After hot noodles in a tent down by the river, I went back for Cid's umbrella.

After midnight. Takashi had just come offstage, ungirding his hakama, stepping out of it, folding it, laying it aside. Distractedly responding, in darkness confronting himself in glass, an unseen puppeteer's invisible thread from the elbow lifted his arm, pointed his fan, advancing toward himself, he backed away, arms open..

hiraki

His mother, up late writing poetry, brought out hot lemonade.

Takashi's daughter born this morning.
Umano's yesterday.

Origin 9 ready: 5.III

Took a copy up into the Muse: the Shakespearian edifice. Half-timbered. An undusted Venus over the steep stairs. Famed composers framed in the brown study. Students meditating to crescendos.

Always Beethoven. & coffee.

in dim light. sharing letters:

"I hope you are thriving
in Japan & finding
some peace of mind & yet
not losing your awareness of Hell
& the Abyss without which
our Earthly Pilgrimage seems to be
of little account..."

George

"Solitude, I found,
was the only way from lonelyness pain.
"I have nothing to say, just no stomach. Let it be buried, but not in me."

Carl.

7.III

sashi-komi/hiraki: insertion & withdrawal

basic movement

occurring in shimai after shimai. The pattern ever taking on new meaning. Now: advancing angel longing for Heaven. The song an ancient poem: the image of winds closing clouds, screening sky: of angel seen against cloud

Impenetrable, withdrawing

with the sa/yu

(the criticism is of a slackness in the elbow.

sashikomi/hiraki

sa/yu

a limited vocabulary of gesture, alphabet of movement.

Limits posit the possible.

Have I felt constraint? Only when the body is unaware of poetry.

Dance the poem.

A release. Or: I restrict myself (by distraction). The outfield fence does not confine the batter's freedom of expression, nor does the fact of three strikes, four balls. sashikomi/hiraki: three steps forward, four back.

How ascend to Heaven? By imitation? The Greeks painted grapes so naturally birds came to peck at them. The ballet lifts on toes, leaps.

HAGOROMO like all Noh

fills for a time an empty stage

and leaves it as before the beginning it is: silent, empty. In China there is a blank wall:

The painted dragon flew free: Entering space and emptying it, the dancer is the dragon, not the grapes. Feet are firm and flat and feet, and underfoot is earth. It is not the body that ascends.

with Frank I would witness the angel's return

24.I.65

Takashi's dance

12. III. 65

ill. Roses from Scriba. Poem from Frank:

on
a
bridge

behind
branches
an

angel
a
memory

of
sea
a

longing
for
home

scattered
by
the

dance

Wed: 14 Mar 63

Dear C--

don't let "even keel" fool you. I've been reading a great deal these days. Fast. Cary's ART & REALITY in the time it took to get to Osaka and back, and last night a big chunk of HERSELF SURPRISED. Left early yesterday to give me time to pick it up: wanting very much to get another slant on Gulley Jimson.

Interesting to find Gulley's father in A & R: the out-of-fashion painter doing girls in gardens. Having gone through two books on Picasso I unavoidably think of Picasso and his out-of-fashion father, and then your beautiful Basho came, and so I find myself feeling deep down "Basho is a much larger man" or more complete --or whatever way you wish to put it --than Picasso. But I find, sitting in the coffee shop before heading home, that soon as I touch pencil point to paper the words on the tip of my tongue vanish. Maybe I need more talk. Exchange. Reading doesn't do it, nor letters. I think I'm pretty bogged down between Yasè and industrial Osaka English classes, and at the Noh stage my language is no longer good enough. Husband, father, English teacher, and shimai student, and when out in the shack---

well, it's more fragmented than you can perhaps comprehend, O poet in the house or out. Maybe I was Pete the Lithographer in Oakland, with the press beside my bed in the one-room storefornt, stepping out every night for hamburgers, coffee and talk at the Chinaman's, or poking my nose into school to see what was up, or hopping up to Berkeley or across the bay to San Francisco. Who knows.

But litho is part of something else, it isn't big enough to be any sort of center. Why I was depressed, if you noticed, when you showed Gordon's prints. There's the man's whole being in his work: his life worked out in every dot and squiggle. Not a comparison of accomplishment, mind you. But that light concerns him, and has, for as long as I've known him. Or that he loves roses and particular plants and jazz, or visits strip shows, feels cats as friends and even quarrels with his wife. All there. And it did make me feel pretty phoney. Even more so since the day before I'd worked on the stone all day and was feeling with it. But Gordon's prints made all hollow. They said to me, Will, there's nothing in this world you feel, nothing in this world you love. You have no rose, no light. And all the playing with colors, all the shapes you ever manage to get mean nothing, nothing at all.

And the book on Noh caught my other flank. Equipped with neither English nor Japanese, what folly to even try to fool with Noh. A translation of the book by S into English would amount to more than I could do in a lifetime.

But you see, here I am talking of myself again, and it's a terrible thing, cyclic swing or not. Highs or lows or not.

"Even keel" means last night I changed into dirty levis and went out into the shack. (I don't like to change clothes, it's enough to stop me) --- but it was snowing and so I said, touching the prints and finding the dampness hadn't allowed the colors to dry --the hell with them, okay snow! I'll go back in, and went in to read.

Cold stone, cold water, darkness didn't enthuse me. In bed the roof drip was like a leaky faucet

drip drip drip drip drip drip..

I found myself counting one two one two one two

and introducing variation one two one two three four

and tried one two three four five and

back to one But couldn't take it to six
--couldn't shift back
in time to pick up one
dropped the instant I marked
six
and that seemed odd.

The beat was proceeding from Left to Right, laying the drips out on a line, locating them in space. Though I'm pretty sure there was just one vertical line of fall.

The 1 2 1 2 was a left/right left/right

splitting the vertical into a double descent. Maybe it comes of having two feet. The beat divided between two drums. Or three--and the foot thud of a dancer. Was it possible to sing or say:

one one one one one one one .....

without variation? My chest constricted, my scalp shrunk.
In Berkeley, McClure's listeners took him seriously, tried to be attentive, to concentrate:

light light light light light light ...

how respond? Only a reaction remains, an itch to alter, a need to

breathe, to break insistence, with laughter if nothing else/

I tried to listen carefully. Was each drip exactly the same, each interval? Was it really monotonous?

one one one one one one

I couldn't. Couldn't isolate sounds, couldn't hear each DRIP individually, DRIP DRIP one DRIP fell upon another. And the mind that strained was a mind wanting music...

(and now as I write the multiple drips from the roof are infinitely more complex. The sun creating a lovely rhythm on my left. But on the shady side, on my right, is a steady PLUNK PLUNK that annoys, that takes effort to make any music of.)

...

Ami carried lunch out to me, which now I'm nibbling. Have got two stones ready, I think, to print. Second color. Laying ground. So that after a few colors I'll have something to work out of.

Walking from the library yesterday seeing the luminous greens and quiet greys and browns, moss and old boards, fences and stones, I knew that these were colors I wanted. In Oakland, too, it was the same thing, but an ache, a remembrance. Like the caves of Matera for you, in Japan. Or, looking out of the toilet window of the ultra-modern slick steel and glass office building in Osaka, looking out at the rain livened pebbles, moss and bamboo.

---how to get that color?

And I went to teach.

...

I don't like the appellative "colorist" and would regard it only as a derogatory term. "Colorist" --like calling Gordon a "blackist". What I want to get at can only be garbled --but maybe I can call on Dogen: time is color.

So you see, I'm serving time. (And interesting that Sara in her book, like Gulley in his, begins in prison.)

Time, say the Chinese, is white horse galloping past other side of hedge.

...

Except for a few passages in the beginning, ART & REALITY is so much bunk. Any literary critic could have said as much. Whatever Cary has to say is in his novels. Who wrote ART & REALITY is not the author of HERSELF SURPRISED. As Malraux says: Cezanne the painter would ask Monsieur Cezanne to shut up.

Would find him a bore.

..

Damn! I feel like high jinx now! Full of piss and vinegar. And rather like Gulley, though I was about to say: Gulley in the end doesn't sit well. And to say why Picasso seems for me, in spite of everything, finally pathetic. That maybe all his life he's been evading his father's doves. Lighting match after match in darkness.

Basho is a sun. Or moon.

It always seems to end with my coming back to Basho or Hakuin's painting, Ryokan's calligraphy. With them I feel at home.

---Homeless world discarders. But I have this big black press, this cast iron monster on my back. My minotaur, it may be. And I have Yasè and Osaka to resolve. But so do we all. To work out of, somehow. Enslin and his New York.

"Even keel" ---lithography to stay with. There's little else I can do. Though just what a print is still nags me. I don't recall having had these questions as a student: it was just a matter of letting the sweat roll down, of working 12 hours a day, or of walking home at dawn, seeing the swans
on the river..

In the meantime, "even keel".

Ashore now and then, as an Ashura.

..

5:30

Time for dinner, then teaching, then shimai. Remembering Grilli's mention of the conductor who in his fifties felt he wasn't ready yet for Mozart.

WCW's death comes with Sara Monday's and Gulley's. It's all Cary's world: Painting on Falling Walls. For you see, no matter what any of us do or

don't do, we get nearer being the established generation. Ready for a kick in the pants.

For the News,
Frost's was the bigger death.

I'll see you Saturday. If rehearsals end in time.
It would be good to talk before
a Sunday of
Noh.
Yes:
9 has flown to Enslin.
to Temple.

3.IV

"The entire dance. Once only."
--Four weaknesses noted.

4.IV

Ren drew kami-sama.
"---and what does kami-sama look like?" He knelt and folded hands. The god's pose is his own.
And ours.

12.IV

Arrange with Mikata for Cid to study.

the morning after. rain clouds over the
cherries. a petal, a drop
falls. 15th of april 1963.
monday and the
sounds of hammers and saws

dear Cid,
"When I get big," Ren announced this morning, from the top of my knee-mountain, "I'm not going to do shimai. I'm going

to drive a jet." And from my half drowsy state I recall Ren rolling down the slope and jumping to his feet, wondering:
"Why can't you can?"

I feel lazily like a tiger in the bush after a belly filling meal. Ami is pasting the wildlife stamps onto cardboard for Ren's return, and I, after tea, trotted one of the old canvases out to the shack and stripped it from its wooden stretchers. Another ghost is gone.

My life sometime perhaps will become the bare stage: "marvellously empty", open to everything.

The Hagoromo angel has flown. With it a season. (I just clambered up onto the roof to insert a piece of tin --actually a zinc plate used for litho --under some bark, to stop a leak.)

I feel clean inside. Bathed by breath, renewed. Refreshed. And as I look out at the cherries (.... "hana ga furite" .... the last turn at the corner pillar, the fan lifted high), my chin on my hand, it seems my skin is without oils and there is a fragrance, not unlike that of a new cut lawn in early summer.

And yet I sweated so, and was through most of the performance at the point of tears.

Attempting to recall the performance is like recalling anything, so much fancy merges with fact. Or the fancy is the fact.

"The angel sweats, the blossoms wilt ....."

Longing to return to Heaven, unable without her robe of feathers ... But as I moved forward, aware of my tension, in my face, on my lips, written plain. I was perhaps more like a mother hiding her grief, restraining her tears seeing her son off to a death he does not know.

I saw Gary standing photographing me and you sitting with your knees up ---or rather, a brown that I knew was Gary's shirt and a shape I knew was you, but my eyes ---I feel ---this time did not rove or reach out and cling. Relatively speaking, there were no distractions, nor did mind tarry, evaluating, nor scamper ahead like a scout to wave me on.

Had Clayton commented on my feet a year ago I would have been discouraged. Might very well, self-conscious as I am, have stopped me from ever going on the stage again. For my clenched toes have for a long time dismayed me, and six months ago I did consider undergoing an operation to straighten them. But I am round-shouldered too, and have enough other defects to contend with. As it is, Clayton's comment merely tells me of Clayton, of his eyes, and I feel brother to Renoir who painted with brushes strapped to rheumatic arms. It's from the center that one dances and the extremities, as the breath grows surer, matter less.

To stand without toppling is an achievement.

The pleasure is that at each point the syllables were with me, that the body did rise to the moon, dilineate the pines, let the mountain soar.

And now, to begin.

Will Petersen

From: BOMBU SHIMAI

# SCENARIO

by dick higgins

the queen of the night and the lover of january quarrelling
through the pond
and the king of january and the beloved of the day making
love in the tavern
and the lover of the night and the lover of october telling
stories about the roof
and the daughter of the dawn and the queen of the night
quarrelling over the pond
and the king of the day and the beloved of the summer laughing
about the roof
and the beloved of the summer and the king of the dawn
laughing through the grass
and the son of january and the queen of the night making
love through the grass
and the son of january and the beloved of the night making love
through the grass
and the beloved of the night and the daughter of the dawn telling
stories about the porch
and the daughter of the day and the beloved of the night
telling stories over the pond
and the king of october and the queen of the summer laughing
through the grass
and the king of the dawn and the daughter of the night telling
stories on the armchair
and the daughter of the dawn and the lover of the day laughing
through the roof
and the son of the summer and the queen of october laughing
on the roof
and the beloved of january and the queen of the summer laughing
over the roof
and the queen of the summer and the beloved of the summer
laughing on the roof
and the son of the summer and the queen of the summer
quarrelling through the porch
and the queen of january and the daughter of the dawn
standing over the pond
and the queen of january and the king of october flying
over the grass
and the beloved of january and the daughter of the night
telling stories about the porch
and the queen of october and the lover of the dawn flying
in the armchair

new york city
october 30, 1967

**Robert Kelly** **(4 poems**

## A SEQUENCE FOR WINTER

▫

We believe the intuitions of our need
All alone
waiting for the bird to sing

sing, goddamn you, sing

(a hundred miles before breakfast
rye with the coffee to break the cold

winter winter
come talk to me

▫

The way you looked
when you went away
I'll know the inside
of your body yet

the curious places
from which

▫

come with me to the zoo
& watch the zebras fuck

they bellow
all over
the world started
with such music

do you hear
me?

▫

wicked wind in city parks
holding open house

frosted grass  bare tree
cold steel of the monkey bars
the empty swings

this wind
arises only in emptiness

the weather
leaves nobody out

▫

I havent gotten (owl)
ears for you

for nothing
(the melody
takes 20 measures)
you sing

too long, why
cant I hear anything else?

▫

Having locked the process
in a closet

I dont know gold from green

my springtime hidden
in one of these crystals

one of this snow

It was a matter of size
how much land does a ghost invest

Cut bullhide
into weeks & days

plan your city,

I'll love you for miles.

THE TOWER

for Button

three islands
in the sea
(she & her & me
three islands
in the sea
Atlantic himself
out there
over the edge
(the land
we've just
these few
million years
come in from the
wet
we'll be back
dolphins
be back

three islands
off the coast of Maine
I am a man
I am a woman
I came here to find bread
make bread
(bake bread

bake bread
for Kali Yuga
("credit,
not money"
for Kali Yuga
when the house
has glass walls
the tower
stands delectably up
everything can break
everything
built to fall
(I fall for you
day after day
fur around your
cunt the brightest
center of my eyes this

morning
third eye
for the fourth age
pale as you are
you're Kali
Kelly's shaktî
white woman
with dark eyes

so the window
(the money
is all we've got
(the time
the house
under the mountain
"who hath time enough
hath none to lose"
face of a clock
standing there
two hundred years
to give me
that instruction
(took
the clouds
drift to sea
(may be four
islands
one darker
a shape
against the out
bending coast
(Poseidon weather
just
above freezing
everything
flows

Kali Yuga
credit
nobody bakes bread
(but the first
three ages
are man's
& this last
the age of woman
where her cunt
finally takes over
& we go
from there

& wind up
always here

(my cock
learn
tantra
of this yuga

(the cat
is brave
runs through the door
then stops to look
at where his feet
obedient
to his hunger
have taken him
past caution
out
where there might
be meat

down there
yellow house
green trim
grey house
with snow
sixteen
floors down
will I start
like Bruckner
counting leaves
to turn
everything to number
& number to music
the natural
world frozen
in human will
(more girls
more girls
no girls allowed
this male
tower
alone with its
sunrise
the world
is stone
(stone
grows

Kali Yuga
age of salt
skeletons locked
in yabyum
(embrace
beyond the flesh
we learn
to fuck bone

grey clouds over
us the white
over the sea
gone
to our home
brightness
(thin women
as I grow older,
beautiful
in how they move
stripped
down to that
least
most
movement
dark
flesh inside you
the way you move

The winter people

(palace of the Snow Queen
but where is she
that wild
Enstatic naked in her furs

the snow
even in town is clean

▫

in Maine there is lateral space

(what humans mean by space
sidewise . to swing your arms & run

they built a tower
on the top of which I,
a simple Libran with hardon
sit watching my naked wife
move by the vast windows
sixteen floors above the broad
flat land

you can see everywhere
but everything you see is here

▫

This is magic, the unnecessary tower
willed up from Shinar

It is the one necessary thing in life,
the willed tower

(into the bathroom for the morning piss
startled by the big mirror, big as a window,
by the thick heaviness of my cock,
startled a minute later by the softness of her skin)

this is magic, the willed tower
up from those flat places

where nothing would ever happen
until we force the earth, also,
up into our erect
sense of the earth,
whirling lights of the possible
mountain of the possible

▫

so I wake up on the black magic side
a tower we're in
groined, insloping, like a redwood
flanks of a tower, capped
head of a tower

(on top of a tower
where a hundred young men live alone

Queen Sun
naked
quietly over the electric floor.

# D A R T M O U T H  S U T R A

for Andrew Letty

To be in time
is to be an elite
an elder of Zion
an owner
of many camels

Mr Letty
you are an anarchist
(a moral oligarch,
I hear myself say

where is the train
blowing now? Down 89
91 93 95

o Mr Letty
your red-dressed wife
blonde & such bones in her face
as beautiful said "I
dont belong to any
body"
so can I call her your wife
who was sunrise in New Hampshire

▫

The moral compulsion of anarchists
hammers at the door. Income-tax
of the spirit, school taxes of the uneasy
academic conscience, they come
in envelopes, they sit down at the door.

What hangs in my mind
is the 40 boys holding hands on the Dartmouth steps---
it takes a revolution
to get us to touch each other
"linked arms"
they called it
to keep the recruiter out

o Mr Letty I have eyes
for the woman calls herself your wife
& belongs to nobody
I've got eyes on the Army

& the Army of Against the Army
I've got my eyes
on Letty's lady
he lays no claim on
I've got skin for

& yet I wouldnt hold you to that manifest
I wouldnt take her from your good mutual usefulness
the way her face
kindled when you talked
& she belonged
to your intelligence
when you landed
footfirst on some
comfortable backwardist
acrobat
of politics---

▫

we beget the reality of revolution
in the bodies of many women

(Orozco saw it plain
30 years ago on your library walls

money kills bodies
money does not touch

go for the money
& strangle it where it rises
in you or in me
(your sealskin shoes, my poet fee)

on the wall
the proud buttocks
of the victim

bodies of the fallen
still shapely, still full of juice

▫

I come back
to a simplicity

when we love each other
enough to live with us

because we are here
& belong to each other

because there is no one else.

**********

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## THEODORE ENSLIN : TWO POEMS

Fruit---
wrinkled

faces in a nursing home

blown
(and scattered)

across the snow.

---

(From Etudes)

#59

"Tell me how you live?"
he asked,

because he wanted to know.

It was a question of place

within, what house?
It was

more than a question,

somehow not mere
curiosity,

nor did I expect him
to object

to anything I did.
I answered

because he had the right to ask.

KENNETH IRBY : THANKSGIVING DAY, AND LOWELL'S BIRTHDAY

This is the day set aside
for public harvest's
gratitude,
giving back of all the energies of devotion
for an instant equal
to the energies gathered
of earth's sustenance given
or what was attended
watching the slow shift of season
knowledge thankful for to have gathered
before the shift -- not so slow and more like a
sudden awareness come on too late --
before cold winter
for a day to play the ant for the grasshopper, all in each of us
and together

Today I would fast or at most
just eat what is in the house without going out:
brown rice and vegetables, wine
repealing the urge to stuffing
everywhere around me
people for days in the markets
loading up their carts
to surfeit this day --
keep not by thanks away
but quantity of food
the
cold? our cold? I do not know
what we eat and drink so much to keep away, or shift from
possession to possession to keep attendance from

but a feared vacuity
never filled

▪

It is all sunlight today, and clarity
of air and leaf sound and the slightest movement
in the trees toward the bay --
an attitude of reaching out
to learn,
what for
to be thankful for
a feeling in the words
that we are not lost to them

▪

Reflections in reflections
red gingham curtains
at the windows next door show
my windows back
my mirror in the corner of the pane
shows myself
(a photograph)
and David Sandberg
on a postcard
along the wall

taste on top of taste
a natural residue of uneasiness in the mouth
a thickening in the mucous membrane
crackers and hard brown Mexican sugar
cracked with a hammer
and red wine

Would I be thankful for
the thankfulness?
it asks me now

I had thought earlier, sitting on the porch
before I began to write,
what accumulations
of attentions I have as harvest today,
swells of my bodily pulsings
I am aware of, enjoy, go past
awareness of, am frightened by
(premonitions
of a bursting of the arteries and veins
into the stars?
Kelly read once
circulatory problems from my natal chart
he cast --

In the book I am reading
Don Juan, the Yaqui
Man of Knowledge
says there are four natural enemies the man of knowledge
must challenge and defeat
to be a man of knowledge:
fear
clarity
power
old age (which no one defeats
but only drives away
for a time

The smell of roast beef
swirls in from the backyard,
of Sunday afternoons as a child
and this autumn clarity
not Thanksgiving's cooking

An old thankfulness
and Ford Madox Ford thought memory
was genius,
or said it was, in his own
elephantine luggage

I cannot predict
the moments of the shifts

playfulness, fear (that taste
in mouth, as if an ever edge
to counter on, speed up on, counter
with
clarity (have I ever had
long enough
-- or power,
to fear?
but either take
only one moment of to know
(come again and again,
dark and light
at the beat and rest of heart

and old age, a
change
in quickness and
in willingness

the leap up of the red red cactus spine
into the sunlight
lit edge lines as of snake skin
or the penis

all this trembling on the edge of expectation
all the imagined necessary qualifications
for whom?
reading the writing showing through from the other side of this page
black backwards into a purply dark against the green
lines,
to stretch
or play along,
leave
connections,

find them
no fear in that

feeling the weight
in the words

and the green of the wine bottle and of the reflection
from my shirt --
carrying the weight of
all their differences
in a word, green?

puts me to the test to continue
and not rise up in irritation and anger with myself
"they're not the same, how can you use one word for both!"

but I have, all the waves
knocking, lapping
as precisely of years
(not just remembered)
caught in the shell
rings (another cactus spine
at the edge of the light

▫

"all the imagined necessary qualifications(")
for whom?(")
(where would I put the quotes, to show
if the question be put anew --
just to show you!)

for that laughter at myself! (the mark of '
and . to change the question
to an affirmation --
for, be fore it)

the kids next door are playing basketball
with an old, almost furry basketball, letting
a new one lie by unused except to
knock down snagged baskets

I laughed at them
(they were laughing, too, in mock
disgust at the ball caught in the net)
stretching
out my arms in an embrace
to the walnut tree
laughed at myself, feeling the joy

of going downstairs to pee
(off the porch, the color of leaves)

for the strength to endure
the uncertainties

▫

This is a calm afternoon, so quiet
all the movements in the yard, and trees,
cars going past, and the music on the phonograph
can be heard

Berkeley, California, 1614½A Russell, 28 Nov 1968,
Thursday, 3:49 by my watch --
in which
the edges of the day would otherwise be
as nervous as the streets are

playing with them
hearing Mozart all afternoon playing

coming to a calm in the midst of
impending violence
(unknown until the violence comes
which of the rises in me
will rise farthest
(anger?
(or first, and then no other chance
to catch

▫

And for Lowell's birthday
(thank fullness,
that there is more I have not said

(and that bothers me -- what did I mean --
disclosure or hiding?
for our own disclosure and hiding
with ourselves
the different taste of saliva
never the same

All this poem
for your birthday

--28 Nov 68

Wilhelm Reich (excerpts from "People In Trouble"

From the standpoint of present-day insights (1937), the collapse of the Austrian Social Democratic Party meant not only the downfall of one political party; more than that, this downfall was only the symptom of a social process which bluntly revealed itself in the coming to power of the National Socialist Party of Hitler. In the course of the next ten years, a gigantic insight presented itself, namely, that politics on the whole is completely without factual basis, unscientific and irrational; that in it are expressed the biopathic structure and the biopathic thinking of a sick humanity. Politics is essentially an organized satisfaction of the BIOPATHIC emotions of the party followers, formulated into a "political program." One cannot say that there are "good" politics here and "bad" politics there. Politics is always and everywhere, because of a lack of concrete knowledge, basically a proof that a particular social situation cannot be mastered factually and scientifically. If one clings to the distinction between a "good" and a "bad" politics, one cannot get at the question of what is the function of politics and what is hidden behind politics. It required the bloodshed of three decades (1914-1945) to discover behind the political uproar and machinations the quiet, rational process of work and of natural work democracy.

*

Two hundred unarmed, genuinely revolutionary-minded men went out to storm forty thousand armed, non-revolutionary-minded men of the same social level but in uniform. That is senselessness raised to the 20th power! But, how was it still possible? I have already said that we were no fools. We imagined that we knew more than the millions. Indeed, we did know much more, but far from everything which had to be known in order, instead of becoming ridiculous, to help human freedom to victory. These two hundred men, I among them, believed in all honesty that if they were subjectively for freedom, and thought correctly, the others would "have to recognize it very soon." More: According to the thesis of "the party", "the others" knew it even now; they were prevented only by force from turning their knowledge into action. These two hundred Communists believed that when industry objectively collapses, when wages are objectively reduced, and

when the simplest freedom strivings are objectively repressed, --that these things must automatically and self-evidently incite the people to revolutionary indignation. The whole of revolutionary politics in Germany and Austria until 1933 was built up on this idea. This thinking was wrong. For this reason the workers' movement collapsed where it did not reerect exactly that type of social order that it had formerly attacked. Every --but every-- compromise was made. Every --but every-- correct basic principle of the socialist movement was sacrificed. All this happened for one reason: The complete incapacity to keep clearly in mind the correct concept of living reality in the confusion of daily tasks. This reality, this life which thirsted for liberation, thirsted in everyone, but lay on the streets and was tread upon so long that putrescence set in. The bearers of the ideas of freedom were themselves unfree, spiritually unfree; the social suppression which they fought in their environment, was active within themselves. They were afraid of thinking, afraid of looking squarely at the facts of life. I have the right to assert this. I was one of the few who, year in, year out, in complete self-sacrifice to the cause of human freedom, pointed to living Life, grasped it, formulated it, tried to make the responsibility involved understandable. But we ourselves were also not mentally free. We too were bound to the old. We, also, were far from understanding everything we felt. And feeling alone, as indispensable as they are in the struggle, cannot overturn a world with rigid forms of living! Life itself seems to be able to become conscious of itself only with great difficulty. Consciousness means turning one' s attention toward one' s own origin, one' s own organizations, one' s own stagnation. The human will which undertook to regulate life according to the laws of reason, was itself only a bundle of irrational feelings. The psychoanalytic movements, with hundreds of professionals all over the world, rejected the thesis that psychic health is possible only with a fulfilled love-life. Marxism rejected the fact that the emotional functions of human beings constituted the actual driving force of history, even if under certain historical economic preconditions. Both teachings were turned toward the Living in the name of the better mastery of living needs, but both were at the same time bound to their age. The times were against the Living. This society existed only through the fact that it destroyed the Living. But no one yet knew what the Living was.

*

And so I marched in the ranks of the unemployed and had a frightfully bad conscience because of my ten-room apartment and two servents.

Thus I learned to know the bad social conscience of economically secure intellectuals, from which stems their active "party fellowship." I compensated for my guilt feelings in the face of these cruelly mistreated victims of a cruel social disorder, with regular and opportune large financial contributions. These human beings simply had the right to demand money. One must have known the unemployed of Vienna (in 1929-1930) to understand this; one must have known them with their wonderful human qualities in spite of the gigantic misery, their childlike hopes, their primitive brutalities, their humor in the midst of utter poverty, their raggedness and dirt, their patience and their impatience, and above all their decency and solidarity. This did not at all change the fact that they showed all the emotional characteristics common to people in a miserable economic position. Thievery, drunkenness, beatings and sexual brutalities, all occured frequently. But in relation to the misery in which they lived, they were much more decent, moral, ready-to-help, honest and aware than the vail, fat-stomached, high-nosed and no-good spenders and phrase-makers who could generate no trace of humanity and who were sexually far sicker, only in a less honest way. Any one of these reactionary parasites should just try to live like one of those unemployed; to be without work for years, to support a whole family on sixty schillings (about twenty dollars) a month, and at the same time not turn regularly to theft or burglary; never, literally never, to be able to be alone with one' s girl; not to have the money even for the bare necessities of sexual life; for years, in spite of bodily health, to be forced to live in abstinence or to masturbate; to have to stand around in bureaucratic unemployment agencies for hours in the cold, without an overcoat, for the sake of five schillings; to let oneself be pushed around by someone in uniform and then to have to say "thank you"; to let the beautiful cars, with the well-dressed women and the fat faces, roll quietly past and not start breaking windows on the spot, come what may; to live oneself on potatoes and dry bread, and to look in the brightly lit food stores, without stealing what one needs, simply taking it, no matter what happens. Later, I understood that the character armor makes this possible. To have learned thus to recognize the restraint and self-control of the dispossessed, I count among my deepest experiences as a physician.

*

No political line-up of human problems will ever accomplish anything. The politician stands, and must stand, against every positive human endeavor, since his existence depends on unsolved problems.

*

In Berlin, my work at once became connected with the great social freedom movement. When one has the heavy burden of an answer to a decisive social question on one's mind, the possibility of quickly finding one's right place means a great deal; it means, above all, protection of a psychic apparatus which because of particular experiences, has grasped, formulated and answered the problem. The deeper the problem lies and the more comprehensive it is, the more intimately it is inverwoven with the history of him who represents it. And so, all the greater is his responsibility not to permit his structure to commit too irrational blunders. The most important barometer of the reality content of an idea is the reaction of the surrounding world, be it positive or negative. If the right idea does not find a suitable form of expression, it is a sign of or leads to insanity. I mean here insane in the correct sense: The awareness of a basic problem of living Life, without the capacity to withdraw from it, solve it factually or at least to anchor it rationally. I was very well acquainted with my personal equation which threatened me from within. I was not disquieted by anybody's suspicion of insanity. I was not certain that I would have an adequate measure of success, and thus might fall victim to an old insecurity acquired in childhood -- that sexual guilt feeling which devastates the world.

*

In November, 1930, I received for review Malinowski's The Sexual Life Of Savages in the English edition. It formed a logical contination of his earlier publications, Crime and Custom In Savage Society and Sex And Repression. Bachofen had inferred the "free sexual life" and matriarchy from classical myths. Morgan had concluded from the "primitive society" of the Iroquois, where he spent decades of his life, and which he studied in terms of systems of consanguinity, that in primeval times brothers and sisters were natural mates. Thus, incest, far from being something contrary to nature, was the basis of civilization. It was self-evident that matriarchy was the natural state of human society after the first primitive epoch. Based on this finding, Engels built his theory of the state in his famed work Der Ursprung Der Familie. If one now connected the theoretical line from Bachofen through Morgan and Engels to Malinowski, a unitary picture of the development of humanity resulted. Malinowski succeeded in actually investigating the relationships in a society still largely organized

according to matriarchy, and in so doing, he confirmed the reconstructions of his predecessors. The fact that he was not aware of doing so makes the value of his factual reports all the greater. They show irrefutably that communal property, matriarchy, absence of a tight family organization, sexual freedom for children and adolescents, and open and frank character structures belong together just as do love of money, patriarchy, asceticism for children and adolescents, subjugation of women, strict family and marriage relations, character armoring of human beings, sexual perversions and mental illnesses -- the ever-present symptoms of social sexual suppression.

*

(editor's note: the above material has been culled from 3 chapters of "People In Trouble" one of a number of books by Dr. Reich that have never been reprinted after having been seized by the American government in 1954. ((for further information on that see "the journal of Orgonomy" Vol. I, #1 & 2, November 1967)) The relationship of Reich's social perceptions in the 30s to where we are now can be further looked into thru Gary Snyder's Passage to More Than India ((Evergreen Review, #52, March 1968)). Also perhaps pertinent here to quote a line of Ouspensky ((from collection of Rodney Collin letters)): "Ouspensky insisted that... all higher development began with sexual normality." By "higher development" Ouspensky meant the expansion of consciousness, the attainment of higher mental states.)

## THE TOUCH

The windows
are never wide enuf.

Calle del Vidrio, Barcelona, is
off Fernando, toward the Plaza Real;
short, tight, narrow, &
leads toward the palmtrees

The corner bar to the left is
three to five pesetas cheaper than
the one to the right
as you enter, plenty of
sky, trees, a fountain, the
arcades sit over each side we
sit with gambas, cervezas, dis-
cuss my sis-
ter's imminent
arrival, I face
the walls, cannot see
the palmtrees behind me

BEBA COCA COLA

BAR FARAON

it says

MARISCAS
PERCEBES
ALMEJAS VIVAS
CENTOLLOS
Y
GAMBAS
ALAJILLO
SEPIA
PULPITO

A quieter day
than yesterday
at the Glorieta, we
sat at the old man's tables in the
back, yesterday, asked
where he was, vacation?
—No, the other waiter says, he's
dead, came into work on a Thursday
didn't come Friday or Saturday,
Saturday died.

An incredible sadness .
You do not have to know these people's
names to love them, the way
the old man moved
among the tables, an
organized waddle that
cared for so many so quickly, the new
young man works the same station like
a beheaded chicken, no cool to lose, he
whips it out, everything very organized, but
it doesn't make the same
coherence. Our friend
's tables are full in front so we
speak only
when he has time . None of us
knows anybody else's name .

What was he called, the old man?
A gentleness and efficient waddling is
dead now. We do
not need to know
their names to recognize
a pleasure in feeding people well,
that rare intimacy, how
miss someone whose name you've never known?
We do not need to know their names, they
minister to us for tips and love they
give is given back . The old man
worked the back — four tables only
in the front — sometimes five, it
depended on how heavy the clientele
was that day . Today, we
take the full cubierta the first time .

Again . The viejo lost to time .
We never know one another's names, tho
we touched each time .
I'd come back to Barcelona again
he'd come and touch my shoulder, even
if I were not at his tables . a greeting . We

do not need to know

anybody's name

to love them.

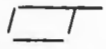
JOURNAL . June/August 1968 Saignon-par-Apt (Vaucluse)

Oscar

Peterson
does Ellington
The "hill of poetry" sits and looks at the valley
hills of Haute-Provençe
Mont Ventoux
still under snow
June's end .
Summer seen thru browned glasses
is arr richness . I
watch her,
haircurlers & slacks
ironing my slacks, shirts
.
My sister
also in curlers
makes deviled eggs . My friend
types in another room, his wife
makes empanadas for lunch .
Everybody doin' his thing . her thing . the

Green & brown of valleys I see behind me now
red roofs, thru
the tiny blinds & one corner of my
glasses,
great shapes of shaded light
broken by the
earpieces,
thru which show

STONE



This whole afternoon
hangs itself on insects . In the truck
taking afternoon siesta, it was flies .
Outside later, translating under the trees, it was

flies, horse-flies, a bee, two
wasps . I work until 10 of 8, when
the first sound of mosquito cracks
thin in my left year .

All morning work, translating
at the kitchen table . Two
coffees, three slices bread/and/jam, a beer . Some
three-quarters thru, quick
voices outside the door of another room,
the maestro and the patron in the frontyard,
rattling French
get to me in their rhythms :
one low and insistent, the other higher and hard,
some impatience there, break my own .

I stop
rise
take a book of Gary's poems & go
out,
up the steps & also
sit in the sun, and
the wind blows the voices away down in the frontyard .

Up here with the pail of garbage I've moved from the kitchen
slow stages to the dump, there's

wind
in the fruit trees, flies,
wasps buzz happy with the sun after yesterday's rain, last
night's wind, butterflies, can hear
only buzz & birds
and wind : apricot, peach, figtrees, bees in the gladiolas, a
hummingbird in the hollyhocks
flies in the vine leaves,
the voices
blown away
down this valley, clouds
stretch, towns shine, a
lightbrown under sun
A book of poems for the hand, other
rhythms for the mind .
buzzz .
work .
not done

Because I have left the door open
there is always a matter of insects
The wind in these high valleys blows
in . I
have to take a butterfly out in my hands before he
batters himself to death against the
glass pane
between the livingroom & the kitchen .

Then a wasp discovers the fruit bowl in the corner.
He checks out the oranges and the mayonnaise-jar
and settles on the bruised portion of a pear . O, yes!
Lemons
peaches
a melon
but returns to
the bruised pear, its

speckled skin, he
hovers & sucks, he checks my outgoing mail,
my empty pastis glass, the story now translated,
even the lines of this notebook where he walks

for a bit, but returns,

makes love to the pear .

---

from the November JOURNAL : FIRE

The end of a distance come

so early in the morning

where the eye stops,

flames

running O their tongues up thru

along the rooftree of

down the coping of

that church in Harlem .

## DRIVING RAIN

Wing driving a winter rain and fire, O

the twigs stripping outside the classroom window

we watch sexy

ANYthing

vegetable, tall and branched

yellow, the fire

yellow, the leaves

yellow, the girl's blouse

grey, the slacks

grey, the day outside

grey, smoke rising pierced by flames

turning blue to red to yellow

Which leads to a discussion of

the personal character of firemen and cops, not

altogether complimentary

but granting courage . A Harlem precinct

hd/bn firebombed earlier that morning .

Where they eye stops

smoke and flames thru the hill's trees, their

branches stripping . burning the whipping rain

inscrutable cracks . Whaddya hear?

The blindman singing on the uptown train

coins in the enamelled metal cup clink

She sits back in the desk no longer thinking

a dreamy look on her face :

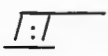
"It is so pretty," she sez .

Her yellow blouse sighs up and down

The rain strips the branches, drives the

fire across the church roof

where the eyes stop.



Smoke floats

in its layers upon

the room's ait . has

nowhere to go . floats

MALIK is king . King is dead of assassin's bullet

Malik is dead of assassin's bullet

Three Kennedys down and one to go .

Dallas is in Texas

California one might have suspected

and Memphis is on the river

and the Audubon Ballroom at 166th Street

belongs to the CIA under prior contract .

Two cats move in the sunlight
stream thru the window
wash, kiss, wrestle, play
under the smokehaze . they
are black cats . Yoruba, what
does Oshun mean? Ouan Jin, or the
man of education?

Feet raised in sunlight
against the other's face
King dead
Malcolm dead
w h o w i l l b e t h e n e x t t o g o ?
Ted?
And then she married Onassis,
a prescient woman, to the
Eastern Mediterranean, this time .
You have to transport the stuff
He has the boats . He passes .
My friend, Economou, a medievalist
and poet, owns the most spec-

tacular Afro I've ever seen . The

people pass him in the street and speak to him,

"Hello, brother." He refuses to pass.
But Onassis?

and Jack the Cowgirl?

They pass everywhere, it

is a conspiracy between

East and West . what

did you think Bouvier meant?

The sunlight goes .

It is a clear light from the South

smogged in . The cats sit

and wash themselves

in the window,

look out .

What did you think Bouvier meant?

Gassir's lute
The light
shining on Cshūn's face
is not easy to behold . to be held .
Do you think you can put your hat on your head
and walk away with him? Down that hill?
But Haarlem is a Dutch name
and the Dutch have forgotten us . Deutsch?

The destroyer? What did you think Oshūn meant?
Ogun,
Yoruba is his tribe
"the six powers of light"
The sunlight across the window, Hooo
Dierra, Agada, Ganna, Silla, Hooo Fassa!
Wagadu the legendary city of the Fasa.
The epic Dausi goes back to 500 perhaps, B. C., at
which time Homer . The
remnant of that tribe, mostly Muslim, holds
two desert oases . Tichit and Walatu . The blood
of seven of his sons
dripped
over his shoulder
onto his lute
to feed the song .
or John?

"I dig

talking to a black man who

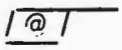
thinks of a white man

as just another kind of black man."

OR vice versa,

OR thank you, Leo Frobenius

— to feed the song.



Elaine calls me at 3 A. M. from Toronto. I come up out of a deep dream, furious. No one else calls me at three in the morning. I've been sick for two days now. I yell at her and wish her a happy

birthday. Nothing is such a pain in the ass as being loved where one does not love : it is
an humiliation for both parties
Elaine is just such a pain in the ass. She says
we are married in her dream. I must say she has better dreams than I do. I'm dreaming of an absolutely natural hair, a single, intricately curled, long, brown hair in a tiny plastic container you can see thru like a fuse, loose at both ends, beautifully involuted and fine. This is an absolutely indispensable item in a list of objects which must be collected, this wild hair in its artificial little glass tomb, carefully random, carefully natural. An absolute fake essential to the collection, essential for a correct life.

The Ft. Moultrie flag on a recent 6¢ stamp
is the word LIBERTY toward the bottom
across a ground of dark blue, and in the upper lefthand corner,
the last quarter of a waning moon . PIE IN THE SKY .
Ft. Moultrie is in Charleston, South Carolina .

The black cat comes over and stages a sit-in directly on the notebook in which one is trying to write a poem .
It is not that she does not know, but will not
confront you eye to eye, sits and looks in another direction
— on your papers. And purrs.

All right, Elaine, get off my back.

I pick the cat up and put her down on the floor

& go on.

And it doesn't stop. Noneof it

stops, ever, it needs that wild hair in its

plastic container, the essential image . So .

I stay up until dawn
reading Philip Whalen's first book

which after all these years still turns me on .

"YOU GOIN'TA TELL ME I

HAFTO GIVE UP

MAH PIECE?"

THE TREES

Leaves on the branches

At the end of branches twigs

carrying everything

brushing against each other

reaching toward everything

touching everything . The air.

Nov. 1968

JOURNAL December 6, 1968

A spooky green wheel

with spokes that move

like a stagecoach in the movies

and a star

all of it green, face

the eye of my friend Kelly at his desk

: a map of southwest Asia which cuts short

somewhere in the middle of Burma and

an element chart the 103 blank space, a gift

of THE ATOMIC DEVELOPMENT MUTUAL FUND, W. C.
a
map of ancient Greece with a lot of the islands unmarked,

feathers and pens

two packs of Camels, postage stamps, a scarab — no,

a scorpion sunk in violet plastic, violently .

2 bottles of Pelikan Tusche, a bottle

marked: Spiritus vini Root Purissimus

a plastic tube of fat pills from

of Kingston, Inc. 31817 . 11/27/68

for Robert Kelly, Bard College

One every four hours for

pain

and a lot of books —

December thirteenth

A saturday-seeming sunlight in the front room

the quieter pace . I do many pickup chores

without pressure & quickly . tho

it is only friday .

The black cats sit on the dirty couch & observe me reading,

drinking my coffee, first of the day . They are waiting for me

to feed them.

I came back from the telephone and got into bed in the cold room. The covers were still warm. She was raised on her left elbow, looking at me . It wasn't fear, nor acceptance, nor anticipation. The cusp of necessity. I stroked her hair a few times and told her:

"Your father is dead." Her hair is long & black & fine, her head rounded underneath it, under my stroking hand. It breaks, falls against my chest, my shoulder suddenly wet with tears . Sobs come openly from the throat, not choked back, neither opened to scream .

I hold her hard against me, continue stroking. I wish she cd/ scream . I wish I cd/ .

ROAR

The cats sit together on the bathmat near the door & observe me sitting on the pot . First of the day . They
are waiting for me to feed them. I clean their box.
In the front room, one sits in the single spot of sun on the floor, the other climbs the wooden louver, swings up to the top as the blind swings with her weight, rides it to the centersash . sits there .

The shaft of light falls across my legs belly & lower chest, cock & balls lie softly in the shadow of this notebook, shadow of the pen follows the line across the page, mixed with the shadow of my hand moving, the shadow of the cats on the arm of the sofa, ear-and-whisker shadows

Shadows .

"My two grandfathers accompany me."

I hold her and she weeps for a long time. We are naked and alone in the world, lie there as one, and one and two, I hold her and we sleep . for an hour.

"Stone already knows the form"

Warm & desolate under the blankets in a cold room

in another man's house / in Annandale, New York

somewhere in time

sleep.

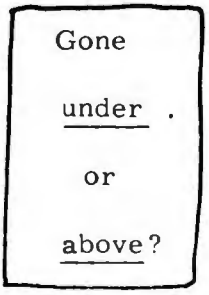
Wake.
Telephone calls . when is the wake? telephone calls, red eyes,

red nose, put on clothes. coffee (hostess descends) eggs
in a savory omlet . juice . more coffee . books . host
is raised and lowered

EAT OF MY FLESH, DRINK OF MY BLOOD

The host descends . The chalice of coffee is a milkcan half full
: a large man . Joan and I
have finished the Fundador (drink of my blood)

[Thou shalt live forever. . .




The mind travels among the stars . we in this prison earth

await our time

"It is necessary for the conservation of the universe
for each thing to desire & demand the perpetuation of its kind."

Joan has ours in the ours in the oven cooking

(heaven?) awaits her time .

[Osiris lies in the sunlight on a copy of IO, the
Alchemical Issue, open to Kelly's journal . Ablutions.]

Coffee . 3rd cup . The Sky .

The chemicals of
an industrial society
mitigate the sky over East Seventh Street, Manhattan . Colors

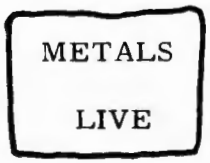
"If you have dissipated & lost the greenness
of the Mercury
&the redness of the Sulphur, you have lost
the soul of the stone."

fade .

Isis leaves the third shelf down of the large bookcase
and tries the louvers again . her weight
swings them back in this time,
makes the ascent impossible impossible,
however she
studies the problem, then sits on top
of the sewing machine & cries.

(I hold her against me & we both sleep)

"Every chemical agent requires a prepared material; it is
for that reason that a man absolutely cannot breed
with a dead woman."




The plants are dying.
I do not give them water.

I let them die.
I have to go out and buy

new plants, a new
planting .

Stone already knows the form
of the statue within it.

People arrive for talk.

There is talk. Joan

talks again on the telephone. Red eyes,

red nose in a chalk face. We

hold one another in the bathroom upstairs

in the hall by the stairwell. Excuse ourselves,

go out to walk in the cold December day.

Drive first to Blythewood . park . walk about

the Zabriskie estate, down thru the formal garden

OUT THE DOOR

into the field, slopes

down, toward the Hudson, around the cold, walled

garden, back

IN ANOTHER DOOR

the opposite side, walk

arm-in-arm up the steps like any funeral or

marriage, drive two minutes another road . park.

walk down past the swimming pool, along the small

rushing river, two falls, a couple coming toward us whom

we greet, a boy & girl, who climb back the way we have come

IT IS MIRRORS

We walk down

they have come

to the river

(we have

against the cold sun

under the trees . hands held . looking out upon the flatness.
A skinny island runs thru the middle. . railroad tracks .

We cannot see the other side

of the river . this low altitude . Water & sun.

Shells of water chestnut underfoot

four-horned & light . seeds inside .

Two in the drawer of my telephone stand now

in the front room . bullheads . Osiris sleeps in my lap.

Seeds inside . His head turns against the notebook.

The plants die . their screams

fill the room . Reflected sun

against the church walls across the street . Two

watertowers, the bulb-shaped steeple of orthodoxy, the

triple-cross of Russia

"Have the greatest care, lest the blackness appear twice; once the little crows have flown away from their nest, they can never come back again."

The mind travels among the stars . we

in this prison earth await our time

AWAIT HER TIME

The King, naked but for his crown,
sits reclining in a large basket, an oil
lamp burning on the basket wall to his right, the basket
open on top and on the king's left side, a kind
of showcase orgone box . On the stone floor beneath it
a fire is laid . smoke rises .
He is burning his ass off in an orgone accumulator
It is a cremation? Creation?

She ran down the slope in Central Park that summer night,
I right behind her, caught her round and threw her down
It is a hillside, the earth under us .
We walk back up thru the light rain
to her parents' apartment to
dry one another off . to fuck.
She will never tell me her real name.

"Colored lights, it is colored lights,
most of it going to purple & violet,"
is all she will say . We
do not ask each other for love
we just take it . and thrash
about in the bed of her father and mother . far away
the sound of rain, tires on wet streets, who is it
having the vacation? She
will not tell me her real name,
turns into a tree .

I will not speak of the driving

in silence, silences of speed . the parkways of the mind

swift barren trees . She is filled

grief & life . I had to

roll her over me to the outside of the bed that morning,

to get her up, found it was myself

had gotten up . fucked her . right there .

A morning after that, after the first night of wake,

she had bought the ring entire, said, at twenty to eight,

"You have to get up and move the car."

I existed again, I

was married to my wife!

who was mourning her dad,
awaiting her time . life
in her belly . the way
we must be, a posture of a single
oneness, the beast in the bed.
O my baby!

The sun is yellow & pale, not red, these last mornings, I

drive very fast.

stone already knows the form

gone . under . or above

metals live

S T O N E

out the door

in another door

it is mirrors

S E E D P O D S

await her time

The king

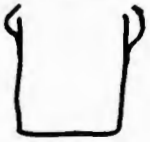
burning his ass

in his orgone box

I

drive

very fast



## NOTES & REVIEWS

Victor Coleman's poem is reprinted from Gerry Gilbert's RADIO FREE RAIN FORREST mimeo, December 1968 issue, 575 Beatty Street, Vancouver, Canada. § The Cid Corman poems are all reprinted from the following books: the speeches and the dignities from SUN ROCK MAN, Origin Press, 1962; "for Takashi Kawamura" is the dedication to for good, Origin Press, 1964; "Blossoms..." is the 6th poem in for granted, Elizabeth Press, 1967; "Midnight..." is the 32nd poem in STEAD, Elizabeth Press, 1966; "Only to ask directions--" from & WITHOUT END, Elizabeth Press, 1968; THE HITCHES and THE WORLD from in good time, Origin Press, 1964; "I make a poem", THE PSALM, and "Out of the snow" from ALL IN ALL, Origin Press, 1964. § With the 7th issue of CATERPILLAR "A Gathering of the Tribes" becomes more conscious; I had taken the phrase as a sighting in the beginning, and over the editing of #6 and #7 have felt the relevance of "gathering" in opposition to "exclusion". Other poets are not the enemy and "criticism" is a stopping short of fuller insight. Thus I am conscious of the "reviews & notes" as being our talking about what we are using, or would be of use we feel to others. §§§

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A letter from her older sister takes Lindy to task for her poetry. These are the grounds of the criticism: that poetry is narcissistic and, unless written to some other end than itself, does not serve the humanistic and social function of, say, the League of Women Voters (to which she belongs: this is mentioned in the letter); that Lindy's poetry and that of the small cult (she drags in Wakoski, Kelly and Brakhage's films here) is purposely obscure and is of no general interest; that wide circulation of such narcissistic and obscure material is rightly impossible (and here she notes glibly that she supposes Pound doesn't care if hardly anyone reads his Cantos). These few points should be made.

1 - Poetry is business, and when we speak of the NYTimes book review, we are in effect speaking of Wall Street, the United Federation of Teachers, and the Pentagon, dollars and Madison Avenue. We are speaking of a literary criticism which maintains itself in collaboration with publishers, English teachers, and poets connected with foundations (i.e., also those who give lectures to corporations on poetic process). The analogy here might be classical economic theory legitimizing the competitive market economy by its "scientific" assumptions about human maximization of scarce resources; the rebuttal -- see Polanyi, Sahlins, and Dalton -- deals with primitive economy and the relation of varied intensities of resources to kinship and redistribution: Pomo trade feasts.

2 - Poetry serves a bio-ecological process in multiplying neural references, THINGS; hence serving digestion, perception, circulation, excretion, and sex.

Poems are coins, or data sheets in the species memory bank (which we now use in place of the libraries burned at Alexandria); operationally they continually restore flexibility to the ecosystem, imposing a re-ality (from res) between our life and a natural world we can only imagine. On either side (in or out, metabolically or experientially), we are halted by contraries and the ambiguous: poetry, as topological function, bangs the opposite shapes thru each other, hence its closeness in Olson to the heart and lungs. Poetry reifies the organs of the body (=psychosomatic health and conscious presence, proprioception as fuel). Stimulus deprivation is imposed by the cultural environment, one step toward organic death; poetry prevents stimulus deprivation: thus spiritual exercise. .....keeps carnivores biologically keen, replacing the primate perceptual field (the hunting territory). This is poetry as homolog to ritual and myth.

3 - Thought (R. Buckminster Fuller) reduces the entropy in the universe. Poetry combining weightlessness with reification and a complex recharging voracious reference field is an exquisite element, much more anti-entropic than a quartz crystal, or a squirrel, or a political party. Poetry is the function that balances interstellar space, recalling Crowley' s EVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IS A STAR, hence poetry is the complex and indefinite state of stripped protons and electrons, unitary hydrogen, poems and stars are antientropy. And here poetry is homolog of dream.

4 - Communication: our reference should be to communications theory and not arbitrary literary judgment. Poetry is generative, paralinguistic (Olson calls it projective). Its coding is morphophonemic rather than etymological and symbolic; meaning is discontinuous and cyclical, not linear or historical. Poems do not compete with computers, no point in wasting that energy; literary critics do.

5 - Readership: if the ideal is Reader' s Digest....ah, but then we' re not talking about antientropy and the crystal held against the deep; we are fighting the computer and Durkheim' s tables of suicide rates; the matter is sheerly statistical, an average. I speak of a readership in which each reader is a new and separate maker-matrix, a topologist who reshapes the work: Pound' s Cantos enjoys a readership of incredibly high consciousness and kinetic energy, and I am elitist enough to think that consciousness rather than mass is our issue, re: the darkness right now above our heads.

--Richard Grossinger

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BLACK ELK SPEAKS, as told through John G. Neihardt, University of Nebraska Press, (sixth printing), 1968.

Gentle narrative life-story told by old Oglala Sioux Holy Man to Neihardt in the 30s, here reprinted. First thing that took me: the constant inquiring tone, Midas-tenderness for all things, subjects, touched, save rightful brace to voice when speaking of White Man (the Wasichu, in Black Elk' s tongue). Unarmored men, as those Sioux were, thus vulnerable, beatable, to armored evil. B E

says: " Up on the Madison Fork the Waichus had found much of the yellow metal that they worship and that makes them crazy..." wch is the most accurate description I've ever read of Capitalism. B E is indignant not only because it IS only a yellow metal and that it DOES make men crazy but too that it is as an herb or other metal is not, useless. The central occurence of this life at all points pervasive is the vision which came to B E as a boy of nine. "This" B E tells us, "is not a story." He was unconscious for 12 days during which time his parents feared he was dead. And during this period it was revealed to him that he had been given the power to make live (the vision itself is extraordinary, less complex but as cogent as Krishna's revelation to Arjuna in the 11th Book of the GITA). From this point on B E carries his vision hid until in late teens he again gets sick, which is the occasion to relate to older medicine man what was revealed to him (he is sick because the vision must come now forth, to hold onto it is similiar to woman holding onto baby when it is to be born). The vision is then "performed", that is, the tribe duplicates what happened in the other world on earth. During this acting-out, B E, on horseback looks up and sees the vision once more, himself in it but himself too on horseback with his people. Depth of psychic reinforcement here, given the duplication and reinforcement, is tremendous. From this point on so is he charged. (one might go on from here into the various branchings of the now-released vision. To me it seems mostly an expansion of the conscious field, faith in listening to first impulse, first intuition, the alertness of the antelope at drinking-hole, ability to "sense" the enemy a half-mile away). Point I want to make here in this context is that B E's vision cleared for me just who the poet is. Poet is man who has had a vision, and his task is to, as was B E's, make sense of this for the goodness of his people, people, at large. Thus I have a ruler here, to differentiate poetry from literature, or the visionary from the literary. No man should pass himself off as poet unless he has (had) a vision. I must know this or I will allow the past 400 years of North American Europe history to define me. Poet is shaman. No Oglala Sioux would have thought to have started moving the tribe around had he not some word from realm realer than tribe, realer than "this world" that he was to do so. The efficacy is, of course, something else; the nearness of B E's people to a corporate visionary life makes possible the transmission, that is, the whole gang lived so close to the ambiotic net, so consciously close to their collective unconscious (as we do <u>when we do</u>).

--C E

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**Daphne Marlatt. FRAMES. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. 1968.**
**LEAF LEAF/S. Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969.**

**Within a few months two very different books, a presence in the commonwealth, a quality that articulates clearly, & these two books show the breadth. FRAMES is a long, quiet narrative poem. She's learned from Duncan, from Andersen (whence the story of Kay & Gerda FRAMES is built on), but mostly from the words that are the story. No story but in words, the words spin.**

LEAF

LEAF/S (written during the later stages of FRAMES as I understand it) is a collection of short, tight lyrics, much reflecting the syntactic, phonemic lila of D Alexander: again the play in words, but in these poems she's less concerned to follow the words as hodos or road (as if towards a destination, a 'story') & more concerned to play in the midst, an elemental pastime. I think of Crowley's distinction between invocation & evocation, the former leading towards macrocosm, the latter fleshing anew the microcosm, making a new "form"-- this latter seems the preoccupation of much of LEAF LEAF/S. The title itself gives the centripetal direction of play.

I've been reading FRAMES since it came to my house, & slowly, feeling no urgency to reach the end. Intrigued by the contrast between the extense of FRAMES (however particular the title) & the nuclear contractions of LEAF LEAF/S, I wrote to her in my notebook:

"But of course you were Daphne, & when the continental sun of rational purpose, of conscious manipulation of the woman who is Language, when this daylight assault began you had no choice but to connect yourself with the earth, dark enough to feed the inside of your body & yet low enough to allow you to wave arms in light...

What does a man want of a woman poet. He wants, besides to fuck her, he wants to hear at last clearly the voice of all the flesh he has touched & worshipped & exploited & redeemed & lost & found himself in. In supreme selfishness, he wants to hear her answer, as a man on earth wants so deeply, without end, to hear the voice of his planet, his bed, his mother. Leve moder, let me in! But the woman who is a poet is not his mother & not his lover, yet from her words he wants that total responding daylight will not give him; she is not his lover, she is the voice of his lover, even the lover he could never have or never touch or never let himself possess. All the more so for the homotropic male: the woman poet speaks in a voice he needs immensely, a voice he can never finally deny. ((Maybe then your best audience will be the platonists, occultists, boy-lovers, homoerotics and homoierotics---they will want you to be absolute earth, & perhaps seek to cut off your access to the upper air, the aither in whose lonelier engagement they spend their energies & their care.)) ... I am with an old-fashioned thought (perhaps as you also are, with a story from the older countries of the heart, the ice-splinter in Kay's heart only the physical articulated tears of Gerda's body can thaw), an oldfashioned instinct to seek meaning in women, & do it all ways, including to shape towards her the flow of Language she is (Apollo invents not the language but only the alphabet. The language is in the keeping of the mothers, yes? who guard the intricate courting dance of phoneme & morpheme) ..."

There is much solidity & power in Daphne Marlatt's work, & I admire not just the grace in it (or thrusts at grace), but that it can so provoke me.

--R K

Charles Olson : PLEISTOCENE MAN. A Curriculum for the study of the soul. Buffalo, Institute for Further Studies. $2.00.

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study of the soul
(whose title is that?)
is this a cultivation,
a matter of μουσικη?
ta'wil? Скрябин?
Warlock's cultivated death,
mors, mars, morsus,
sharp death
pitch of life?
soul?
that soul melted out of ice
arose in our hands
(beauty of Folsom points
a function of their function,
'efficiency')?
(beauty?)

soul?
we have had that word to pay with
for 3000 years
& it has never gotten us out of debt

(Seele, also seligkeit --- a state of
(i.e., a happening in the)
mind

νους? ψυχη? εννοια? διανοια? επινοια?
θυμος? φρενες? αιων? κηρ?
ανεμος? πνευμα? βουλη?
לב?

head, heart? body? hand?
gland?

man
(makroprosopos,
Adam Qadmon
Pithecanthropus,
chymical marriage at Mt Carmel
Neanderthal = Sapiens (= sign of marriage)

a curriculum for the study of man.
which would be a study of his Body General
& (as from)
his Body Specific, & any
recorded experience, & the τεχνη

(that's what it is)
of recording experience, telling what happened &
what can happen,
our τεχνη/λογος age---

so historia remains the recounting of what a man experienced
in his place (Clio!)
--- & that will never
go rotten on us
(as the filosofas have
(so would take Homer Hesiod Herodotus
Pindar Pausanias Plutarch
as best guides to the stations of the Greek
underground railroad
(& so for any culture those
i.e. men who had no idea
of what was going on
but wanted like crazy to find out,
fact by fact, breath by breath

(which is why in our age magick replaces philosophy as study of order)

again, breath by breath,

& if that is soul
a passion for the hands to hold
& the head to understand
& the heart to read the verberations,
alright, soul.
But, that, word!
lex orandi lex credendi
or, as once remarked,
vox pop verb sap .
securus iudicat orbis
terrarum

I mean his hungers are our best history of the
Plesitocene.

-RK

Jerome Rothenberg POEMS 1964-1967 Black Sparrow Los Angeles

Why 1964 - 1967?

Because in that time Rothenberg completed five separate but integrally related books, Sightings, Further Sightings, A Steinbook & More, Conversations and The Gorky Poems, and only three of these had appeared in book form before. The point of departure here is Sightings. (I' m going to take for granted some familiarity with Rothenberg' s early work in Black Sun White Sun and The Seven Hells of Jigoku Zoshi, because anyone who doesn' t have it isn' t very interested in poetry at all.) Sightings first appeared in the summer of 1964 in a Hawk' s Well Press book together with Robert Kelly' s Lunes. On the face of it the combined book was a nice idea. Both Kelly and Rothenberg made use of short bursts of language set off from each other by liberal spacings. But according to Kelly Lunes are separate "small" poems and are connected to each other loosely in the way of haiku chains. The Sightings are not small poems, they are discontinuous long poems whose individual lines mark the places where the language surfaces.

He hides his heart

.

A precious arrangement of glass and flowers.

.

They have made a covenant between them, the circumstance of being tried.

.

Who will signal you? ...

The lines advance from some place to some other place over unknown ground. Sometimes narratives appear to end suddenly, new ones begin.

What' s a narrative?

A beginning and an end. Nothing happens before a beginning and nothing happens after an end.

How do you know when you are at a beginning after the first beginning? Or at an end?

There are more lines. Some effort of the mind will make it possible to connect any line with the line before and the line after. Sometimes it isn' t worth it. This is a beginning. The line before was an end. This way of proceeding was

not a casual experiment. It was an attempt to correct something that had gone wrong in The Seven Hells. Starting from an interest in images (back in Black Sun White Sun) Rothenberg found himself with a problem in going on. If an image is a point of attention, a sequence of images is a sequence of points.

> They took me from the white sun and they
> left me in the black sun, left
> me to sleep among long rows of overcoats: ...

Other things being equal (which they never precisely are), close regard for the images themselves results in a casual distribution of the images. Oddly enough, in practice this casual distribution means an even spacing of the images, setting up a regular mental tempo (image - space - image - space - image - space and so on) where no single image receives much more or less attention than any other. The effect is of a single reticulated surface. In a short poem, where you can still take in the individual images even if they are all about equal, you wind up with something like a doily e.g., Robert Bly or James Wright or most of the other poets in Kayak or The Sixties. In a long poem you can't attend the images at all and there is only a sense of an endless network of equivalent connections (O'Hara's Second Avenue among others). Rothenberg was in the predicament of wanting to cover more ground and still wanting to make it possible to attend the individual images. What he did in the Hells was to take a step backward in order to move forward. He provided rhetorical settings for his images. The focal points are here surrounded by phrases that do not require much attention, either because they recur often enough in the poems to feel familiar or because they've recurred so many times in poetry before that like "Hello" and "Goodbye" we don't have to worry about them. He managed to take in more ground by giving up the idea of striking power. A poem like "The Hell of Smoke" is beautiful enough, but its eloquence renders it absolutely powerless. A serious difficulty for a vision of hell.

It's easy to see Sightings correcting all this. The literary format is gone (the particularized scrolls of the hells). So is the regular alternation between transition phrase and image. Instead there is a regular alternation of space and language; but nobody knows how long any of the spaces really is, and the surfacing language is as likely to be transition or image or fragments of either or both. The words appear only where the pressure to speech is irresistible. In this sense the poems of Sightings are not presented. Rothenberg is probably the most reticent poet in the language. In some cases his refusal to talk is maddening. But a man is entitled to his privacy and Rothenberg insists on not pretending to tell you more than you have a right to know. At the same time he has the singular distinction of inventing a way of working that lets him keep silent till he can no longer bear not to speak.

The rest of the book takes off from this sense of the discontinuous poem. In Further Sightings he substitutes other types of discontinuities for the typographically regular white spaces. Sets of lines are arbitrarily partitioned by numbers.

> 1. I am the man who held the keys.

I asked you to forgive me.
I was the first to be insistent and the last to leave.

2. I vomited.
I didn't come there often.
I was eager and alive.

Sets divided in this way raise the question of whether the "I" of the first set is the same as the second, whether they belong to the same narrative. Once you get suspicious, how do you know if the lines in a set belong to the same narrative?

... 3. You asked me to write my name but I had never learned it.
I insist on pain.
I walk and run in stages. ...

This overriding uncertainty sets up deliberate confusions in which the words of a title are tentatively transformed into a refrain by the appearance of set sequences with the same title.

Cages (i)
Wires

Cages (ii)
Pretending.

Cages (iii)
Moon. ...

Then, after establishing the potential independence of any line from any other, Rothenberg goes on deliberately to obliterate the partitions. So that in Conversations there are questions and answers, which may not be in response to the same questions. Sometimes in the Gorky Poems Rothenberg hustles you over the lines so insistently and rapidly that you are as unable to question their connectedness as the arguments of a high pressure magazine salesman. If you're not careful you're likely to wind up with lifetime subscriptions to Life, Look, Sports Illustrated and Popular Mechanics. (Probably very appropriate that the Gorky Poems should have appeared first, complete with Spanish translations, in the high moral temperature of El Corno.) But in the end the Gorky Poems aren't selling you anything, no matter how insistent you are on buying, no more than the poems of the Steinbook. Like the rest of the poems in this collection they are moving to the great world of Poland / 1931. The past is yet to come.

--David Antin
Solana Beach, California, 1969

THE BOOK OF HOURS AND CONSTELLATIONS. poems by Eugen Gomringer, translated by Jerome Rothenberg. (Something Else Press 1968).

Traveling into the noun... like the galactic equations of Hoyle. the nouns travel as well, associations accreting to them as they swirl thru the time/space continium of book and of mind. the tension is of music-expectations deferred or fulfilled constantly defeating the simplicity of format, the limitations of 24 common nouns and a few modifiers. a kind of quantum mechanics operating as the associations charge the space between stanzas for the surge into increasing levels of meaning. As you read it you should let go.

--Michael Heller

---

PLANET NEWS, Allen Ginsberg, City Lights, 1969.

(jotting from marginalia, exact as penned)

Constant vertigo.
Compendium of "interesting talk"
The work never moves ahead -- no development -- an endless one note myriad variation.
The best prosodist writing today.
--not finishing his long poems -- why? we know what he is saying; precarious affirmation of not having to read. --but remember H. Miller in Bloomington grad. school days -- leaving chair -- leaping out for woman! -- musty literary judgment here as silly as in seminar class -- his endless variations actually pretty simple -- what is sent out in mind is not. He is infinitely, hopelessly, criticizable -- & this is the Point of his Poesy. To bring street bedroom join death queer anxiety tremors to the page without evasion -- He read me "journals" in Kyoto the day before we corrected my English Vallejo, 1963. I sd then, "but read me poetry" & even then, thot, secretly, that's just his mind. (here -- run in airplane notes -- Allen as end of father -- ) -- what he learned from WCW is, simply, incredible (vide beggar description in DESCRIBES, p. 46) --matched only in true pathos by Corman the dignities -- )
The constant rep. of death-fear.
The possibility that he IS on the nerve (like Reich excitement, say to me, my age, circa 1927 -- )

Tendency to rewrite, as in all true poets deadly (vide WCW death poem originally from Journal, the hair-raising "Tokyo-Kyoto" Express in Kulchur printed version there opening, shaking with Shit! Intestines boiling in sand fire.

--C E

THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN : A Yaqui Way of Knowledge,
by Carlos Castaneda, University of California Press, 1968.

Commentaries by: Clayton Eshleman
Robert Kelly
John Shannon
Ed Dorn
Mark Hedden

1 - Eshleman:

I was drawn to this book a few months ago simply standing in front of it in the 8th Street Book Store. I picked it up, felt it for a moment, paid, walked out and read it. It is a four and a half year account of Carlos Castaneda's (an anthropology student at UCLA) apprenticeship with a Mexican Yaqui shaman named Juan (Don = age honorific). Don Juan is about 70 when the apprenticeship begins, and he takes on Castaneda after having a minimal amount of contact with him but convinced he is capable of learning and carrying on a very specialized oral-teaching tradition that utilizes jimson-weed, peyote, and an unnamed mushroom mix (smoked) to aid the apprentice in finding out what he is up against in himself and in the exterior world in becoming what Don Juan calls "a man of knowledge". [ note: it occurs to me, in typing this out, that the basics of Don Juan's teachings are not drug-experience but a world-sensing that, in that we receive it, use it, un-drugged readers, can be transmitted without the above mentioned "allies". This bears more inspection, but I have a suspicion that one could get almost as much out of Don Juan's teachings, so basic are they to my own undrugged consciousness, by being around him as devoted non-drug-using apprentice -- Castaneda is NOT that: he wants the gold without putting anything into it. ] That the apprenticeship is one of a lifetime becomes evident in the course of the work, for knowledge in Don Juan's sense of it, can only be grasped, and then momentarily, after man has overcome fear, clarity and power, and not given into the temptations of enervation of old age. It is in the going, in the heading toward this ultimate release that via a man's ally (which in Don Juan's case is the mushroom mix) man explores such areas we name in English language as flying, passing thru & into matter, and entering death (a place which is entered and returned from). In this work the unnamed ally is the earth, for these actions are not successful unless man makes tools of earth, its plants, weathers, lizards, and trust in what I would call ecological communication. The power to know, we learn, resides in man & thru such trust and confrontation with each state of his enemy (which each power --the overcoming of fear, the reaching of clarity, of power-- becomes if it is not kissed as it flies), he shall know.

Obviously to describe the text this way is to honor it, and I would do that here. It has given me insight into my own processes, confirmed a few of my own insights that were being held in limbo waiting to enter the arena of my lived life. The book has righted my sense of drugs: that there are herbs and drugs, drugs being the mess most of us norteamericanos are presently making of herbs, for the herb-visionary-life as lived by Don Juan comes off in the

dialogues as having the reverence and austerity of all the ancient ways of knowing well as the way of the artist. Castaneda's difficulties (he quits the apprenticeship out of fear, unable to live with the anxiety that at a certain point in the alchemy is carrying over into his life as student-away-from-Don Juan) may have something to do with not being, culturally, an Indian (as well as what happens to him on jimson-weed say). The point at which he quits struck me as being emotionally scary-difficult similiar to point in Reichian therapy reached by many when neurotic structure begins to crumble and one is standing naked 12 year old with all that fear facing present day adult New York City. I am not so much here comparing the two "ways" or "initiations" as much as saying that in all initiations to "the greater life" there are these points from time immemorial, and Castaneda's cop-out may have little to do with Don Juan's herbs as such. Carlos didn't wanna be there in the first place, and that he writes the book, publishes it, is a kind of betrayal of his / Don Juan's word. (At the time of the writing Don Juan is under the impression that Castaneda is continuing the apprenticeship but absent for a while; Castaneda is actually pounding out his PhD Thesis, the dreck of which we are treated to as Structural Analysis after the text ). How American!!! For the dissemination of the material threatens to be of meager value other than as romantic sensation to anyone other than the initiate. Don Juan's force is to say over and over to Castaneda: one learns only thru experience. This means, I take it, one does not learn by WATCHING or HEARING or READING.

2 - Kelly:

re Don Juan, book of Don Juan)
a
keeping alive of that word, knowledge
(gnosis)
for which a man has to fight

in him
(self) to get, revealed .
I think this
book will be the testament for the next say decade, will be
the most 'authentic' thing the public be allowed to hear

(but I ask if we do hear it,
we are given the beautiful exactness
& taut morality of don Juan,
but are we given the process
of experienced reality?

(not the big "experiences" alone but the river of circumstance
whole, intact, moving)
?
why does Castaneda hide

each thing & give us only some things?

(not to pick on the man, who has already confessed himself a failure at the thing the book is about doing --- he does give us a book of great value

& we are given the shadow of a beautiful ethic
(a shadow because Ethics = what you do
& we are not shown all
or even most of what don Juan does.
((Understand I am talking
abt a book, Gulliver in Yaquiland, teller always between us & the road of knowledge, a book which is never transparent however much we'd want that, a book particular to certain experiences but not transparent to them))

& as usual,
everybody will hold the book in hand & say, Tell us what to do

(but certain paths are erased from the landscape, certain ingestions ruled out, from the start
as being easy
thus not taking the whole
corazon
of a man who will walk them)

Don Juan tells it from the start: knowledge is hard to get,
knowledge is hard.
don Juan does not commend the easy /
comes now to re/mind
of the perennial valor
of inner experience (experience)
taken seriously. taken onward, as path.
Do it yourself.
You cant go there without going there.

3 - Shannon:

The best description I've read of the drug experience is in Part One of Don Juan. The description is superior to Aldous Huxley's, whose description, I think, is superior to other biographic, fictive attempts. Part One is as clear as Swift, as intense as Kafka's "The Burrow", and as terrifying as The Turn of the Screw.

The "teaching" is like that of a novel's. You can understand it, you can appreciate it, you can accept it. Such an expression of ideas is perfectly valid, and may be the best way to gain "knowledge". However, the book is not scientific.

Castaneda's material is far too limited, far too subjective to be of scientific value. Even granting his data, and you can't, Castaneda does nothing with it. The Structural Analysis (Part Two) is a pretentious, incomplete, worthless, operationalistic invention. Should he have written an exhaustive cross-cultural, cross-temporal analysis, something like Jung, or even like Frobenius, Castaneda would have done something significant. Moreover, the current problem in social science is to develop methods of handling human variables; Castaneda contributes nothing - even indirectly - to this development. Robert Redfield, for example, can't overwhelm his reader with brilliant "writing", but his methodological approach advances a more scientific, more objective handling of anthropological data.

While the scientific approach is NOT the only approach, and may not be the best one, it is important and is what Don Juan alleges to be; consequently it must be pointed out that Don Juan fails scientifically. However, it can be a great success if the reader works at it, and the book definitely merits such work. (I hope the other reviewers will be more positive - talk about their interpretations.)

4 - Dorn:

A Note on Don Juan:

There are still, after all the effort and thinking (or jogging, which is such a True solution) the same two ways: all the way in, and, all the way out. Presumably if anyone makes that a combination he's scored too much speed and better have a rubber neck-- and it doesn't matter much how the ready made expansion is explained--Zen, Sufi, or Christian Science, or who it is thinks they can program it there is "apparently" no way to get there on a stolen horse, no way to move over by moving over, no way to climb on by climbing on. Don Juan makes that subtle point clearer than any methodical clarity and without resorting to a skipped groove, like a paradox. He might be mistaken for an etiologist simply because to the mind of any Westerner the man who seems habitually eupractic is almost immediately awesome that way (a performance, the highest thing you can be here) --but Don Juan is no Maharishi -- nor even contrary to that condition. As a man of knowledge he teaches the strictness of the feeling in lizards, and the careful inspection of roots, the ethos of plants.

Castaneda was made a beautiful amanuensis and otherwise is a usefully willing straight man--the structural analysis is his business, and could only be read by the University of California, whoever that is.

5 - Hedden:

A Comment on Don Juan's Teachings

To take off, to travel, as it were, by one foot, to accept deliberate derangement as means to extend or reorder "reality", this is done readily enough. The hard job is to come back, or rather, to pick up and go on from whatever point has been reached, to stop and turn, if such is indicated.

Discriminations of this sort are difficult, as now in America, where subjective experience is no man's land.

Tracks, shell holes, are there. People have gone before. Perhaps something can be learned. Directions. Even from far back. Even from another tradition.

If so, don Juan has something to give. I sense in Castaneda's Teachings of Don Juan a confrontation. Because Euro-american thought, as written out, operates lineally, by sequential, analytical processes, there is a tendency to strive for larger unities, to relate fragments into coherent wholes, to run roughshod, where necessary, to make a fit.

There is, moreover, a tendency to displace, ignore, irrational elements, a deep intolerance of the subjective.

By contrast, oral traditions that are still alive, that is, those that are not yet reduced to book form, are holistic from the start and do not carry the burden of proof. The unity is there. A man's life's an exploration of that assumption, to celebrate or not. Traditions of this sort tend to be sensitive to the subjective experience. No reason to deny it. His experience must express what is real, what is part of that unity.

It follows that, in this context, attention and care will be given to the handling of subjective experience, a methodology. It also follows that interpretations will tend to be selective and related to a closed system or set or world view, more or less.

On a personal level, the confrontations between traditions, between Castaneda and don Juan, is no contest. Castaneda holds his own so long as he remains uncommitted, safe within the bounds of "objectivity"--viewing his own experience on peyote, jimson weed and mushrooms with professional detachment. However, once he asks of the peyote "being" what's wrong with his way of life, he is lost. His sense of identity wavers. Old distinctions between "real" and "unreal" break down. He becomes vulnerable, threatened. Don Juan's diagnosis of "soul-loss" is relevant, but his curing method, designed to restore confidence by ritualistic actions, is not adequate for the task. He who has been "educated" in a literate culture requires the ritualistic concepts and paraphenalia of that society to restore confidence--in this case, books, doctors, segmented comfortable definitions between subjective and objective, sequential organization, absolute time, "reality" as consensus, etc..

In publishing an account of don Juan's words and actions, Castaneda has overcome his own sense of failure to achieve something unique and extraordinary. The substance is the methodology. It does not emerge easily. The painfully inadequate language Castaneda uses to "translate" his experience into "scientific" terminology is of itself a testimonial to the difficulty Euroamericans have in dealing consciously with subjective materials. When Castaneda indicates that don Juan employed

suggestion and hypnosis to guide his student through states of "nonordinary" reality, he writes as though he suspected brainwashing.

What impresses me through all this is the rectitude of don Juan's teaching. He stressed the personal hazards of using hallucinogenic drugs. His instructions and presence appear to have provided momentum and support at crucial moments when the experiences threatened to go awry. This was complimented, however, by a remarkable forbearance at moments when his presence or his interpretations would have amounted to interference. Implicit in all his instructions is the injunction that the individual must ultimately take charge of all his states of being.

The ultimate state must be something beyond self, a tenuous balance. The selflessness of a man of knowledge and the care and purpose needed to develop and maintain that selflessness is something an Indian would take for granted and would not attempt casually. For Euroamericans there are other ways the mind bending drugs can be used. Too easy, too quick, perhaps. The results will be commensurate with the intention, the retention. The fact that an experience cannot be observed or measured by another does not make it less real or less a responsibility. The way a man handles his head will show. Difficult to do right by. Better that way. Chance to make new.

---

Philip Whalen <u>You Didn't Even Try</u> (a novel) A Coyote Book 1967.

Philip Whalen's prose is very "straight" and by this I mean unaffected, clear, and a pleasure to read. The style is a kind of soft naturalism with emphasis on what people are feeling and seeing, not what's going on inside their heads. At time I was reminded of the writings of John Cage--the small stories where you understand what you're reading while you're reading without ever thinking about it. Thinking just doesn't seem to get anybody anywhere. The main character in this novel, Kenneth, likes to climb mountains or hike in the country but most of all likes to arrive at a place, sit down and study out the scenery. Rereading <u>You Didn't Even Try</u> made me very nostalgic for California and for San Francisco especially. One big difference between west coast and east is Californians allow one another their eccentricities--they don't have to worry if they've done something "wrong". In the east, people are much stricter and consequently harder on one another as well as themselves. Whalen trusts his own ideas of sanity and assumes others do likewise, adjust to their own rhythms and in that way work out their lives.

In part one we see flashes of Kenneth and Helen--their marriage, how Kenneth spends his day, flashbacks into the past relationships between them and their friends in San Francisco. Both of them, the first sentence tells us, are "secretly thinking of divorce." At the start of part two we find Kenneth living alone in San Francisco, working to pay alimony to Helen who has eloped to Seattle. "Kenneth, working in his usual place, was daydreaming." From that point the

plot (and there is a definite plot) thickens so any further description of what happens would be pointless. The book--one of the best I've read about living in America in the 1960's (read Couples by John Updike to see how the other half lives)--also contains the best description of a domestic scene I've ever read anywhere. Whalen obscures the identities of his characters so you can never really tell who they were (are) in real life but that doesn't stop you from thinking about who's who. Though written in the 3ed person the book is personal in a totally unautobiographical way; a good technique for shaping the real facts of your life into a sort of fiction which allows you to let a few incredible moments slip through.

--Lewis Warsh

---

THE PERFECT FICTION, 52 poems by Gilbert Sorrentino, W W Norton & Co., New York City, 1968.

There is something to take hold of in this book, defied me, months, to write on it. It is a book of such adamancy, sheet of steel thru wch the tendernesses creep, sentiment, an old hat i.e., our father come in, to the room, a largesse, ability to love, fervency, and honesty, resolute hollow old barrel. The perfect fiction is the delusion that we can change our lives, change the world's. That is the symptom of the bitterness, which is literalness, that at all points pervades the work. Now what is at the root of that? I find it like a little creature hid in the tomb of Catullus: "that the man should be so lost, lost / in time, lost in his love for / a whore". (p. 23). I mean that provides a ground for the informative attitude of the entire collection in a way that allows such beliefs as "The woman has gone forth / from reality" and "Behind this world is nothing" (pp. 45 and 47) to drain the imaginative world of its power. To be literal is to be bitter. What I am getting at is there is a love for something the man cannot possess that creates the soil from which a poem, that Fielding Dawson in NOOSE 5 buzzed in and around for a very fine paragraph, comes; that is, we get into the abstraction of:

> Something plus something is not one thing.
> An insufferable, vicious truth.
> One lives with it or one dies. Happy. (p. 29)

by not touching, not confronting a particular. The power of such generalization is empty power tho it often convinces us because we find so fucking many pigeon holes in our own lives for it. But it is empty power, which Fielding sensed, and if I am going to write on Sorrentino I must get beyond it. Of course the risk one runs is running into one's own. There are a few dominant things that happen to us in our lives that we make fixed ideas of and then go ahead to live out the ramifications, las ramas de, those ideas. The poetry does not change until what the ideas are based on changes, and if one believes that change too IS a fiction, then an unforgiven other or the ache of possession, of not being able TO possess, can carry ever-

lasting psychic charge. This then is my sense of what keeps Sorrentino' s moon paper and why his people are absolutely dead.

--C E

---

THE SORROW DANCE, by Denise Levertov, New Directions, New York, 1966, 94 pp., $1.60.

The title of this book is accurate, both for reasons known to Miss Levertov, and for other sadder reasons. It is a recognition of grief and loss, and in addition it unfortunately shows a thinning out of her earlier richness. Sad, because it is always sad when one begins to imitate himself. The problem is best stated in the poem Annuals. In the lines:

> ' and I transplanted them,
> carefully shaking out each one' s
> hairfine rootlets from the earth,
>
> ' and they have thriven, ----'

she not only shows that she does not know very much about gardening, since rootlets shaken out of the damp earth dry out, are damaged, and may even die, but it points to problems in many of her later poems which seem to me to have been mis-handled in just this way. Even if they are repaired in good rich earth later, they have been robbed of their life blood. It is sad to have to say this of one who has achieved so much deserved recognition, but if she continues to write the same poems over and over, each one will be paler than the last. In addition, the war poems seem forced and occasional, not as if Miss Levertov were lacking in feeling, so much as that she relies on quotes from others, or a bibical tone, for strength. But among poems where she herself has had the experience, the marked upswing in the quality is evident. Such poems as: A Day Begins, A Man, Living, show that if she would continue to celebrate the things she really knows, as they mature and ripen for her---continuously---and which she has not already used better in earlier poems, she would remain a poet of unquestioned stature.

--Christine La Belle

---

WORDS FOR EACH OTHER, Cid Corman, Rapp & Carroll, London, 1967.

This is the first "collection" in any public manner of Cid Corman' s poetry. In CATERPILLAR 6 I printed a review originally written for The Nation in 1964 because I want attention to his work and have not written anything since then,

could not. This body of work has passed enough into my own way of being that to write on Cid immediately sets up a 75 page essay. He has, simply, had the directest influence on my own work and life of any living contemporary. And it is important to say that that is NOT a literary judgment. To record the fact in greeting this collection. I remember in Kyoto during 1962-63 when I was trying to make myself into a poet that sometimes things would get so bad I would look for a poem, a book, a something to read to give me courage to persist. In this sense I first found, went to, the Rilke Duino Elegies, the If I cried out who O who among the angelic company would HEAR ME, and would almost from that considerable point on get lost in the maze of someone else' s language, McIntyre' s or Leishman' s and often Rilke' s. There was that impulse to be saved thru Rilke that stayed me. I mention this here because I now know that the prime meaningfulness of Corman' s poetry for me is something that succeeds where Rilke' s never quite did. That is, solace. Which goes very deep. It is a poetry of solace. Beyond any judgment I could make on it, beyond the considerable technique which is a part of what I am saying here too, but beyond it, is the tiny flame in darkest night constantly present in everything Mr. Corman writes. His poems are words for others. One might only make a judgment on this by considering there might be a poetry of day that would mean more than a poetry of night (and CC' s IS a poetry of night). Blake tells us that God is light to those who dwell in realms of night but to those who live in day a human form displays. Questionable. I suspect it is both. That we do not have to lose ourselves to have another. On the occasion of WORDS FOR EACH OTHER I have gathered 12 poems of Corman' s from some of the 20 - 25 private and near-private books published over the past 10 years. These lead off CATERPILLAR 7. I picked those poems that are sometimes not exactly the most dazzling in technique (say as Leuca, in the present collection) or concision, but the ones that struck me the hardest when I originally read them, the ones that have stayed, that is, on in my heart.

--C E

---

IN ON OR ABOUT THE PREMISES, by Paul Blackburn, Cape Goliard, London, 1968. Paper, 15 shillings.

Blackburn. The AleHouse poems. The Bakery Poems. Hidden behind those quaint terms are saloon & restaurant. Eat drink & watch the girls pass. Nobody I ever heard can watch like Blackburn, eye faster than a lizard' s tongue. & just so the tongue goes too, speaking a way (we should one day get around to studying) that ambles its way into the solid shape & dignity of poem. We hear him see.

The lone eye (walking around), the lone eye finds company when it talks we hear. Sounds like. Never takes his eyes off & everything his eye lands on takes life from the touch. Clearly Blackburn never met a boring man or a woman not worth a glance. They' re all worth. I mean, maybe, we' re all worth, worth it.

Maybe these poems are better than we deserve. To call him compassionate misses. Passion part is right, everybody in the act, every act right in the center of itself. And the detachment (from & into time, so we can get it too) writes it down:

It always is,
always was
this way, Ed,
all the time.
It is not that it does not happen.
It does,
and there is no help for it.
And
there is no end to it,
until there is.

- - -

Poet of the City = I have never detected him in a generalization. Can city be anything at all but people held in the eye & heart? known, talked to, accurately heard?

Cape Goliard, whose books are always handsome, does this one very glossy, with good drawings by Michelle Stuart, a woman whose work we could bear to know better.

"The Watchmen" big poem seen not too long ago by some in The New Yorker, ends the book, a great piece on the testicular origin of the alphabet, or am I joking, I mean (I mean that it means) that

LORE is continuity

among men, over the years, fences. Letters of alphabet also the 'family jewels.'

Blackburn. The evidence of his care here, all senses, care, cura, the young priest in a very old parish, knowing it from the street, careful eye, responsible for the souls he meets, taking us musically into his care.

--R K

---

AXON DENDRON TREE, by Robert Kelly, Salitter / 2, 1967 (c/o Kelly, Annandale on Hudson, New York, 12504. I think a few copies are left at $3 each).

First thing reader is suggested to do is read "Intermezzo" in the Lansing Test where Kelly's long poem is briefly discussed. Lansing's phrase "loose associational logic" is an accurate description of the method of the poem, and his showing how Kelly keys in, works, the Nerval into his stone, is representative of the bringing-in of material into the poem at large. AXON DENDRON TREE is a 76 page lyric, and it is (with the possible exciting exception of SONGS I - XXX just-in via Pym-Randall) his finest poem to date. Say it is the fullest expression of his talent we have to date, in wch mind and endurance (in track-

scale, he is a half-miler) are most convincingly displayed. Here I would like to show how Kelly will work an image, develop it, feed it into the poem in its running, an image, incidentally, that in my reading of ADT is axis. (see Lansing again for brief description of poem' s structure). I cut into the 8s at stanza 12:

are
(our)
tees
ache
from all
this driving,
tees
or tushies

Susan said
" they think
that' s what
sex is
(of 5
years old)
showing
their bare

tushies to"
& wonder
are they
(big E
hear me)
wrong
(Blake
is asking,

axing,
Axiokersa,
big E)
can we love
without
such
much flesh
displayed

replayed
& spangled
do we dare
display
fundament ...

Susan' s remark fed into the millrace; note how other material is also chips, a

constant keeping the cup filled, while the cup is being supped, living dying, spending all our gold as we replenish the coffers. So from Susan we move to, out of 5 year old' s context, but not without it, the making-conscious of that material in the poem ("can we love / without / such / much flesh / displayed"), and further, do we dare display fundament. The poem at this point has now been recharged one might say, will continue to carry this charge as it floweth onward (the dazzling speed of ADT is not without undertow), part of its meat, as say experience is incorporated into a man' s experience. In stanza 43 (it has very briefly been tipped in in stanza 25) the formation again occurs:

crust
for Mithras'
oven
& meant
the sun
they were
showing
themselves

and hits in clarity in the 7s, stanza 77, or I mean there it opens fully, is exhausted, ends its karma. To suggest the force with which the illumination comes I must quote back into the work at least three stanzas:

seize
let go,
young men
pained
with toothache
learning
to take hold

old
men with piles
(fearing)
learning
letting go,
seize,
let go,

somewhere
you can see
from here
it is simple
& rain
falling at dark is
falling at dawn,

the kids'
idea right

to love
is to show,
to let go
the privacy
of clothes ...

TO LOVE IS TO SHOW. And from that definition (or the force the copula can exert) the poem rides the glow of that for a number of stanzas, on and on. This is Kelly's metric, the display of all a man knows, without begging a justification. The heart of ADT's matter. With the tushies then, we move thru perception to incorporation / illumination, a most natural thing indeed. Something is now happening in our poetry, this North America, that I would like to sight, cannot yet exactly say, something that has to do with the mind letting go, going with its glow, raga-fabric, a kind of Romantic Abstract (Blake-Pollack), something that is not strictly European-American. Such was, for me, first signaled in the syntax of Allen Ginsberg's HOWL but I am not sure that HOWL was the first signal. It means, whatever it is, the natural falling away, the crumble, at last, of an old universitarian "way".

--C E

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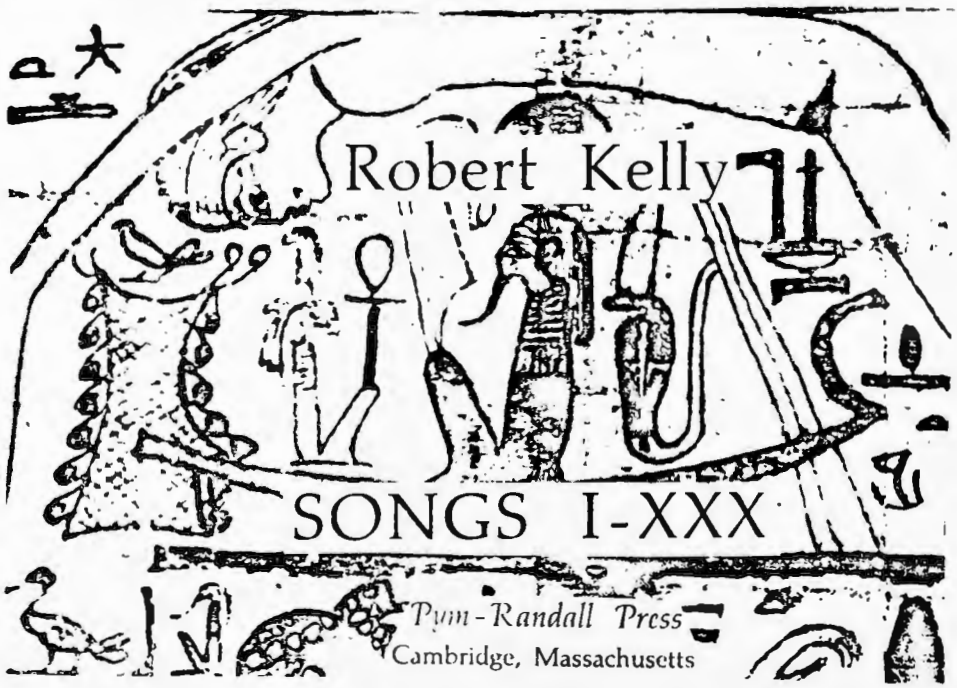


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ERRATA: the following page was left out of the final copy for CATERPILLAR 7, in the Gerrit Lansing Test of Translation IX. It follows page 85:

"The eagle has already passt, the new spirit calls me,
I have reclothed myself for him in the robe of Kybele...
He is the child beloved of Hermes and Osiris!"

The goddess had fled away upon her shell of gold,
The sea gave us back her adored image,
And the skies were radiant under the scarf of Iris.

Duncan's essay "Returning to Les Chimères of Gérard de Nerval" already cited is the most important document for study of translation and the poetic process that has appeared in many years, and I hope readers are familiar with it. In it Duncan relates the genesis of his translations of the complete Les Chimères (reprinted in Bending the Bow -- but in my copy of that book the publisher has omitted eight lines of Sonnet IV and all of Sonnet V of "The Christ in the Olive Grove", and I've learned that at least two other copies contain the same error). His translation came about, he says, "after a questioning of and then a radical disagreement with Robin Blaser's Les Chimères..." (Blaser's "translation" will be the last we shall consider.) Feeling that Blaser's texts were versions "after" Nerval, rather than translations, Duncan determined to make his own.

The merits of his translation are obvious to the ear immediately; the modulation of sibilants in the second quatrain, the careful sound shadings and general rhythmic firmness. "In translating Nerval, one might..." Duncan writes, "...indeed, one must, if the significant structure was to be kept, work in terms of the musical phrase and not by the syllable count, for the phrasings of the lines emerge as the units of presentation. The base is the line; the phrasing of pairs & of fours, line by line, the essential principle of formation throughout."

This is artful and subtle translation. The one apparent license he permits himself, the rendering of "couche" in line 2 as "child-bed," all the other translators using "bed" or "couch", is really not so, since "child-bed" is a denotative meaning of "couche," and its use here is entirely appropriate to Gérard's meaning. In translating "revêtu" in the 10th line as "reclothed" Duncan even refreshes the original, since in French the "re-" sense of revêtir has largely been lost, and it is both proper and literal to render it as "to put on". But the sensitive ear hears the presence of the "re-" in revêtir as meaningful in the context of "Horus", since the idea of cyclic recurrence and the palingenesis of the gods is a thematic constellation never far from Gerard's mind. In The Golden Ass of Apuleius, one of his sacred books, Queen Isis reveals to her devotee her identity with goddesses worshipped throughout the Mediterranean world under other names. In the Nervalian cosmosophy as in that of Yeats, the mythical scenario re-enacts

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